PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH
JUN 5 1942

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIII. No. 584 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1942 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

Comments . . . . Page 281
Intuitions and Calculations 283
A London Diary. By Critic 284
This England 284
Uncommon Sense in Industry. By Tom Harrisson 285
The Problem of Mr. Churchill. By Harold J. Laski 285
Manners. By Y. Y. 286
The Village and the War. By Sidney Dark 287
After Victory. By Sagittarius . . 288
The Movies. By Roger Marvell . . 288
A Fine Play. By Kingsley Martin . . 288
Correspondence 289
From Prof. Adam Pragier; L. M. Harrod; Walter Robinson; F. Borkenau; General Dawnay; G. E. Toulmin; D. G. Barnard; Lord Meston.
Books in General. By V. S. Pritchett Page 291
Reviews:
Uncle Tom and Mrs. Beecher Stowe. By Peter Quennell 291
Empire Past and Future. By Freda White 292
Conscious Self-Control. By Harry Roberts 294
Prussianism: A Political Religion. By Georg Troeltsch 294
Shorter Notice 294
Week-End Competitions 295

GOD'S FROZEN PEOPLE

Drastic fuel rationing is absolutely necessary. Now we are to be short of fuel; next winter we shall probably be cold—though certainly warm in comparison with the German people who now know, since Hitler's speech, that he is condemning them to another Russian winter. No one here complains about restrictions. But the muddles of the past and the failure to give assurance that at last the problem of the mines is to be properly tackled in the public interest have resulted in a really formidable opposition to the carefully considered scheme of the Beveridge Committee.

There is much anger and suspicion. There is anger because if the industry had been taken by the scruff of its neck earlier, there would have been no need for rationing now. There is suspicion because millions of small fuel users do not believe that their special needs are being properly considered. As for the mine owners and certain companies engaged in the distribution of fuel, they are afraid that this rationing may at last be the thin end of a wedge which can be used to drive to the centre of a vested interest which has held this country to ransom for generations.

This week the coal controversy has taken precedence over greater matters in the lobbies of the Commons and in Fleet Street. When it was learned that prominent mine owners were among those now opposing the Government scheme, miners' M.P.s were naturally moved to demand just why—unless it were on account of their vested interest in distribution of the ultimate product—these gentlemen are now so certain that the solution of the problem consists simply in increased output rather than in rationing? These are the same interests which rightly or wrongly have been accused of preferring to work the worse rather than the better coal seams, because they desire to keep the good seams for exploitation under more profitable conditions after the war.

Others asked whether there is any guarantee that the scheme adequately takes account of the needs of working people. What provision, for instance, is made for those many thousands of workers who have to get up before daylight in order to reach their work in time for the early shift, and whose wives at the same time have to start fires for the cooking of breakfast which may have to be kept going for a good part of the day, unless more kindling is made available?

Many objections can be raised to the scheme. Yet the immediate case for fuel rationing is unanswerable. And it stands apart from the case for the reorganisation of the mining industry. An attempt is being made to suggest that rationing is an "alternative" to improved output. That is dishonest nonsense—we have to have both. The large number of new munition works that have come into production are calling for ever-increasing quantities of fuel—either coal or electricity or gas. Current output, we understand, is only about keeping pace with demand, whereas we ought at this time of year to be accumulating large stocks for next winter. There are new power stations and other coal-using plant shortly to come into operation, and liable to be held up for want of fuel. The problem is no longer one of distribution, as is sometimes alleged, but mainly one of production.

Faced by this problem, Sir William Beveridge has produced his rationing scheme. Its main lines are probably as good as any that could be devised for speedy operation. The basing of the ration on the size of the house, or rather the rooms in occupation, with a subsidiary ration for each person, is much more reasonable than any alternative plan we have seen. It would be pedantic equalitarianism to base the ration mainly on the individual, irrespective of his dwelling; and it would be unfair to base it entirely on the dwelling, without allowance for the number of inhabitants or for changes in that number. It will not be easy to fix equivalents for the various fuels; and serious difficulties will arise where families share a house with a common meter for gas or electricity. There will be injustices and quarrels and more will be expected of the householder's intelligence. But the fuel will be saved.

It will be objected that the fuel could be provided by returning to the mines 30,000 men who never ought to have been taken from them. The Army does not easily disgorge 30,000 men: we may see half this number back in the pits. Further steps should be taken to direct back into the mines the miners now in munition factories or in other industries. Whether the balance ought to be brought back from the Army we cannot say; without knowing the Government's military plans for this summer we are not in a position to say. Summer rationing will cause no great hardship; and if over the next few months the Government takes the right steps towards drastic reorganisation of the industry, and also gets back to the mines a proportion of the men the industry asks for, winter rationing may not be rigorous. Therefore we say give the scheme, with all its faults, a trial.

The President Fights Inflation

Mr. Roosevelt is facing the serious problem of inflation with the courage and optimism that characterise him. As so often in such cases, the difficulty is rather political than economic. The rise in the cost of living, about 15 per cent. since August, 1939, could probably be arrested and the price level stabilised by the measures he proposes. But it remains to be seen whether he can control Congress, restive and unfriendly as big groups within it are. The mid-term elections, due in November, give the demagogues their opportunity. The President proposes to fix a "ceiling" for virtually all prices, wholesale and retail, at the level obtaining on March 1st of this year. A few commodities are soon to be rationed, certainly sugar, probably coffee, and in the Atlantic States petrol. Consumption will be limited by high taxation, which will aim at taking everything over a net £6,000 per annum from the higher income levels. Two struggles are to be foreseen. First, will Congress venture to offend the farmers?

They claim their full rights under existing legislation, which allows a "ceiling" to be fixed for farm products only when their index reaches 110, measured against the index of industrial prices, parity being based on the average of the years 1909–14. The President proposes to amend this Act, so that prices may be stabilised at parity. The Southern farmers are unyielding and may be able to carry the House, if not the Senate. The second difficulty arises over wages. The Southern Democrats and the more conservative Republicans insist that wages shall be formally "frozen" at the present level. The view of the Administration is that this is unnecessary and undesirable, since both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. have undertaken to abstain from strikes and to accept the mediation of the Conciliation Boards. A furious campaign still rages in the press and the wireless over the 40-hour week. In fact an average of over 46 hours is worked in the defence industries, and what the anti-Labour agitation is really striving to secure is the abolition of overtime. What the men gain by that barely balances the extra cost of living. The war, it will be seen, has not suspended either the class struggle or party strife.

The Struggle in Norway

Nazi rule creates nightmare conditions, of which Norway furnishes a contemporary example. Quisling is waging against the opposition a war, the more ruthless because his *Nasjonal Samling* is so ineffective—even its sports organisation is largely boycotted by an athletic people. Almost his first act as Minister President was the February decree ordering all children from 10 to 18 to serve in the *Nasjonal Samling* youth. The bishops' warning against this act was met by the dismissal of the State Lutheran, Bishop Berggrav of Oslo. Thereupon all the bishops resigned, backed by the Free Churches and University professors. Out of 10,800 school teachers 9,000 resigned; 280 were arrested as saboteurs in Oslo alone; 2,000 the country over by the end of March. On March 22nd came the statement read from the pulpits that the clergy made respect for the Churches' views in the education of youth a condition of their remaining in office, and a fortnight later the pastors read out individual letters of resignation severing their connection with the State, but agreeing to continue to christen, marry and bury their flocks. This Quisling forbade, threatened to dismiss 1,100 clergy, and sent Bishop Berggrav and other leaders to a concentration camp. It is said that the Bishop has been sent to Germany, following Professor Seip, the Rector of Oslo University. Norway was thus faced with an almost complete breakdown of church life and education. Indeed, Quisling, under German instructions, has retreated slightly on the anti-clerical front, and is trying to fix up some sort of compromise. But the teachers, unprotected by a sacred office, have been more harshly treated. This week news has come that 500 of them have been sent to the north aboard an old coastal steamer. The Quisling governor of Trondheim himself protested when they started that there was no room for them to lie down at night, inadequate cooking galleys, water, and sanitation; and cases of pneumonia, cerebral haemorrhage, and insanity occurred among the teachers. Quisling's reply to this protest and to an appeal from Trondheim clergy was that it was the teachers who were to blame, and that the clergy must "talk them into reason." The courage and co-operation of the Norwegian ministers and teachers are wonderful; they realise that they fight on the most vital front. If the children are to be saved from absorbtion in the Nazi youth machine, they must be aware of a continuous spiritual and intellectual opposition from their natural leaders. To-day, the fight is fully maintained.

Home Front (*by an Industrial Correspondent*)

The I.L.O., at its London gathering, has staked out its claim to play a part in the planning of reconstruction. Appropriately, it is setting out to consider primarily the steps that ought to be taken after the war towards a world-wide improvement in the standards of living. Stress is laid, with this object in view, on the need for international measures to develop the production power and capital resources of the economically backward countries—including India and China, as well as the peasant areas of Eastern and Southern Europe. The I.L.O. is proposing to set up a special advisory committee to investigate this and other post-war problems from a point of view wider than that of the belligerent countries; and it will collaborate closely with what is left of the League's Economic Section, as well as with the organisation presided over by Sir Frederick Leith Ross at the Board of Trade, and with the reconstruction agencies of the various governments in exile. The I.L.O. is well placed for taking a hand in this work. It includes the Soviet Union, as well as Great Britain, the United States, and most of the European Allies. It includes India and China, and has in the past shown a sympathetic appreciation of their problems. It is not to be supposed that the I.L.O. will emerge from the war with just the same structure and functions as it had before 1939. There may be, hereafter, other countries besides the Soviet Union which will have no employing class entitled to representation; and it is to be hoped that the post-war I.L.O. will be in a very much stronger position than its predecessor for getting attention to its conventions and recommendations. It is valuable in so far as it can make certain minimum labour conditions enforceable in all countries.

* * *

The outstanding point that has emerged from the discussions just held is that, if we are to follow a policy of plenty and full employment after the war, there will have to be a large-scale investment of capital in the less developed countries. What these countries need above all else is a modern service equipment of transport agencies, power and water supply, credit organisation, and—outside the strictly economic field—medical, dental and other health services. These, rather than exterior factory equipment, are the things most likely in the short run to help them in raising their standards of living; for what these peasant populations need most are, first, better means of getting their agricultural products to market, and, secondly, ways of removing sheerly redundant people off the land in the more hopelessly congested areas. Given the right service equipment as a basis, they will be able in due course to develop their own industries—which cannot be developed at present for lack of markets near at hand. What is needed, then, is, next after the demands for immediate relief of distress have been met, a large export of capital from the advanced countries, especially for the rapid expansion of the public utility services. The question of course is, who is to pay for this investment; for in the short run the backward countries clearly cannot pay for it in goods. Nor can they afford to borrow the required capital on the onerous terms which have hitherto characterised such forms of lending. Is it possible, as the I.L.O. urges, to find forms of international enterprise without the disastrous vices of capitalist exploitation? "Lease-lend" to the backward countries will have to be the order of the day, if the developed countries are not to find a large part of their economic resources unemployed. The world is still only beginning to work out the new foreign trade techniques appropriate to this stage of world economic enterprise; but the I.L.O. is right in urging that they will have to be founded on an international acceptance of responsibility for establishing an adequate standard of living throughout the world, and not merely in the more advanced countries.

* * *

Mr. Lyttelton's panel of experts, to advise him on technical problems of management and production, has been hailed as a step in the right direction; but I wonder if it will be more than a very small step. Nine times out of ten, "panels" of experts are eyewash. Their names appear on a list; and nothing further happens. When the Ministry of Works and Buildings was set up, a loud song was made about the panel of expert advisers who were being gathered round Lord Reith; but has anyone heard a word of them since? Even Mr. Bevin's experts, whom he formed into a full-time Council when he went to the Ministry of Labour, soon melted away; and I never heard of anything much they had done. The plain truth is that, even if the experts are expert at their jobs, the regular Civil Servants are usually much more expert at elbowing them into a corner. It may be said that the Minister of Production is in a better position for using outside experts, because he has no regular Civil Service department to deal with. I hope that is true; but I shall feel much more encouraged when I hear that Mr. Lyttelton has decided to decentralise the control of arms production, and to hand over some real power to Regional Boards. That, I feel sure, is the real crux of the problem; and I also feel sure that the Regional Boards will succeed only if they are given large powers, and if these powers extend to the big as well as to the smaller factories in their areas.

* * *

The Labour Women have been in conference this week, discussing mainly questions which have arisen out of the great extension of women's employment in the war trades. I see they are demanding priority in post-war employment for women who have volunteered for, or been directed to, war work. Priority over whom? Surely not over the women who have been retained for meeting ordinary consumers' demand—for such women are just as essential to the war effort. The truth is, all this business about priority of post-war employment is on the wrong lines. We shall need all the labour we can get after the war to maintain our own standards of living, and also make the contribution we ought to make towards raising standards all over the world. What the Labour movement should be demanding is not priority for one class of worker as against another, but an assurance that plans of reconstruction are being based on providing work for everybody in rebuilding the shattered world. The thing can be done; but it will not be done unless Labour makes it, rather than the scramble for jobs, the foundation of its policy.

Bring out your dead

PAPER

Social Security

The preoccupation and the bewilderment of the workers with post-war problems is not without justification. Lord Halifax is reported to have stated in a St. George's Day speech in New York (*News Chronicle*, April 24):

> This is a people's war, and the victory shall be a people's victory. After the war England will do everything to give full aid and equal opportunity to all citizens by preventing return to the curse of unemployment and establishing more free and fair trading conditions.
>
> In the new England there will be no room either for selfish privileges or idleness.
>
> Of war-time changes, he said they included "levelling out differences of wealth and a redistribution of the national income in a way our fathers would have thought inconceivable."

On the same day there was published a report of the Unemployment Statutory Committee, under the chairmanship of Sir William Beveridge, commenting on the fact that the total balance of the Unemployment Insurance Fund is expected to approach £160 million by the end of the year, "if the war continues so long" and "although the income is now about ten times the expenditure, which it exceeds by over £1,250,000 a week," the Committee is still unable to report that the fund "is . . . more than reasonably sufficient to discharge its liabilities."

> The level of unemployment after the war, whether or not it is controllable, is unpredictable. If the mass unemployment which marked the aftermath of the last war is repeated after this war, even such a balance as the Unemployment Fund it expected to hold at the end of the present year, if the war continues so long, might well prove insufficient to meet its liabilities. Unless and until is becomes justifiable to deal with the finance of the Unemployment Fund on the basis that effective steps can be taken to prevent a recurrence after this war of the industrial dislocation which followed the last war, our first duty is to conserve the resources of the fund.

This passage reads oddly beside Lord Halifax's statement and a recent postscript by Sir William Beveridge in which he stated that the Government have entrusted him with the elaboration of plans to ensure social security. Sir William is of course perfectly aware of the issue. In popular understanding, social security is equivalent not to the dole or health insurance benefits on the basis of a poverty line, however defined, but to the absence of unemployment and to the benefits of social insurance schemes at a level which is higher than the mere absence of destitution.

INTUITIONS AND CALCULATIONS

The Nazis very nearly lost the war last December. That is the inescapable deduction from the speech in which last Sunday the Führer encouraged the people of Britain and threatened the people of Germany. Only his personal and ruthless intervention, he revealed, prevented a breakdown somewhere in the German war machine. We do not know precisely to what the Führer refers. We recall our speculations when von Brauchitsch was dismissed and a number of other high military and technical officials disappeared in a surprising succession of accidents. Apparently the conditions of breakdown still confront the Führer. Recently everything has been done to build up the S.S. as a Nazi army, and a series of decrees during March and April have continued the process by which all power is passed over to the Nazi Party. This week Hitler has issued a decree which gives Nazi Gauleiters absolute power over all matters of labour and finally ends any pretence of collective bargaining and workers' freedom. Further, Hitler proclaims himself supreme law-lord—above the law. The most remarkable feature of this declaration was that Hitler should have thought it necessary again publicly to confer on himself powers that as Führer he already possesses. What has been happening—what is now happening in Germany? The judiciary, already, one would have thought, subservient enough, is now to be openly and in theory as well as in practice wholly the instrument of Hitler's will; some judges have had the temerity, it is suggested, to judge according to the law and not wholly according to Nazi views of the momentarily expedient. Perhaps there is to be another purge; perhaps not enough black marketeers have been beheaded; perhaps troops who showed reluctance to die in the Russian winter are not wholly to be relied on to fight continuously without leave during another summer and another winter; perhaps there were mutinies on the Eastern front news of which have never reached the outer world. Perhaps the soldiers have relatives whose complaints must be stifled in their throats.

In any case, the Führer's speech makes it clear that had there been an important diversion of his men and material to another front last winter, had the German public been aware of a danger in the West, as well as in the East, the chances of the Nazi war machine lasting throughout last winter would have been small. Amateur strategists who urged that great risks should be taken somewhere to provide such a diversion last year seem to have been fully justified by the event. Their view that the decisive battle of this war was being fought on the Russian steppes and that victory depended on full collaboration with the Soviet Union has now been confirmed by Hitler. That in essentials this situation is unchanged the public has recently been reminded by voices as authoritative as those of Sikorski, Chiang Kai-shek and Lord Beaverbrook (not to mention Stalin and Soviet spokesmen)—none of whom can be called amateur strategists or be accused of a doctrinaire attitude to the conduct of the war.

The difficulties of an alliance of Britain, the Soviet Union, the United States and China, are obvious enough. The Chinese are disappointed with British and American collaboration. Important people here still talk as if it were the British who were bearing the brunt of the desperate defence of Burma. As for the U.S.S.R., everyone knows that there is still much anti-Soviet feeling in the United States, and a lack of confidence between Moscow and London. The past heritage of suspicion on both sides is hard to overcome. It is shown just as clearly over this issue of a Western offensive as in academic disputes about frontiers at the end of the war. That this should be so is a shocking absurdity. When will there be a common Staff organisation which will rule out the possibility of the head of one Allied State appealing to the world on a matter which should be decided, not by public opinion, but by Staff agreement? In the absence of such agreement we hear rash statements such as that the question of a Western offensive is "purely political." That politics enter into it we readily agree; that the shortage of ships (enhanced by very heavy losses in the Indian Ocean as well as in the Atlantic during recent weeks) is at least a relevant consideration now that we have a large army also to supply in the Middle East, is surely undeniable. Similarly no good is done to Anglo-American co-operation by underestimating the efforts that Britain has made and is making in this war. Some people speak as if Russia alone were fighting, forgetful perhaps that for two years Britain was at war while Russia was neutral; that the flow of British supplies promised by Lord Beaverbrook has been steadily maintained, and that it is sufficient seriously to diminish the scale of any British initiative elsewhere. Nor is there any sense in neglecting the service of the R.A.F., which holds the *Luftwaffe* in the West and in the Mediterranean, and by Commando raids which must, small as they are, at least suffice to divert a substantial German force to the West of Europe. Finally, we believe that some of the misunderstanding may arise from the difficulty that any great land Power has in realising the amount of British energy and man-power that goes into the Navy and Merchant Service. British losses at sea as well as those in the air in this war must be recalled before any effort is made to obtain an accurate balance. And to-day an ill co-ordinated strategy has scattered Britain's forces in all parts of the world.

We point out these factors because their neglect does great damage to the unity of the Allies. Just as it is lunatic not fully to recognise the magnitude of Russia's effort and not to see in the Russian armies the force which will ultimately defeat the German war machine, so it is also folly to play into the hands of the wreckers of Anglo-Soviet unity by underestimating the strain placed on Britain in the last two years. With that proviso made, we find ourselves whole-heartedly in agreement with Lord Beaverbrook in urging that 1942 is the year of our destiny. We are not interested at the moment to discuss the motives which prompted the form of his speech. Substantially he is right, since Britain and America will stand a poor chance indeed of successful action in Europe if the Russian armies are defeated or reduced to a purely defensive strategy. The real strength of Lord Beaverbrook's plea lies in the fear in the minds of countless people that in a problem compounded so subtly of strategy and politics, political hesitations and strategical inefficiency may together play a wrecking part. We suspect that when Stalin demands a Western front he is moved not so much by the failure of Britain immediately to put an army on the Continent as by very profound and justified doubts about the will of a few people in Britain and more people in America honestly to collaborate with the Soviet Union, and about the efficiency of the Staff organisation, which has so far usually found reasons against enterprise and not shown capacity in fulfilling enterprises thrust upon it by the enemy.

We add one further point, which to us has always been decisive on this subject. To-day the prospect of aid from Britain has roused great expectations among brave men in Norway, in France and along the whole coast of Western Europe. Recent refugees from France, some of them speaking with real authority and assurance, make it clear that a British invasion somewhere along that coast would be welcomed by the overwhelming mass of the population. With Laval to all intents and purposes the Gauleiter of France, the spirit of resistance in France has been greatly increased. In Yugoslavia guerilla warfare continues against terrible odds. In Italy an utterly cynical and disillusioned population would, we believe, welcome any move that would help it to throw off the Nazi control. The opportunity which we were either unable or unwilling to take to collaborate in full military force with this revolutionary movement last year is still, thanks to the prowess and endurance of Russia, open to us in the summer of 1942. No one without the most detailed technical knowledge could do more than appraise the situation in general terms; we can say, however, with some assurance that the next few months will be decisive, and that, if they pass, the chance may never recur. The opportunity is there, the forces of revolt are there, the troops and supplies are available, and now, since Hitler's speech, we know that a crisis in German morale is also at hand. The shape, the place, the size of the diversion is no matter for the journalist or the public. But the amateur can see the opportunity and know that its neglect would be fatal.

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1½d. ; Foreign, 1d. ; Canada, 1d.

A LONDON DIARY

"BATH, Norwich, York . . . and on through the places starred in Baedeker? Revenge for the bombing of the Hanseatic ports. *Homo Sapiens* is really destroying his civilisation this time."

"*This* civilisation died on September 3rd, 1939," replied the American. "Civilisation would only die if we lost the war; if society were run by Nazis. When we've won, we shall have to build another, that's all."

That conversation starts many hares. How far is civilisation dependent on bricks and stone and the beauty of the past? How far can the essential continuity of ideas survive physical destruction?

* * *

From Home Rails to Kaffirs to Peruvian Corporation Bonds, Stock Exchange prices jumped for joy at the news of Hitler's Reichstag speech. It was a fair barometer of the general mood I found everywhere, which ranged from wild assumptions that this marks the beginning of some sudden internal "crack-up" in Germany, to more moderate estimates. I thought his reference to Army leave possibly the most solidly significant thing in the speech. For according to the published version of the speech it was precisely upon the fact that "I shall not be in a position for months to give leave to those at the front" that he based his threats and admonitions to the judiciary. This is a clear admission that the strain upon German man-power, at the front and in the factories, has produced a state of dissatisfaction requiring drastic action by the Courts and the Nazi Party. I found it interesting in this connection to recall the analysis of the situation in March, 1918, made by Colonel Bauer, Ludendorff's right-hand man.

* * *

"Not enough leave" is listed by Colonel Bauer as one of the four main reasons for dissatisfaction—and successful Bolshevist agitation—in the German Army at that time. It had become "impossible to give leave even when it was necessary and desirable." He attributed the fact partly to the shortage of man-power, but in particular to the overstrain on the railways. Curiously enough, Colonel Bauer accompanied this analysis with a violent attack upon the Courts—martial and otherwise—for the "mildness" of their sentences. He attributed this behaviour to "pure fear of the outcries of the Reichstag, the Jewish press, and the trade union leaders." That is one "alibi" which Hitler has not left himself. Ludendorff and Bauer, too, as early as the end of 1917 and the beginning of 1918, were anticipating—almost verbatim—the latest Hitlerite denunciations of absenteeism, irresponsibility, and inadequate judicial action to put an end to these weaknesses.

* * *

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' Pyramid,
Is that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Controller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
Upon Pharaoh's swart civilians?

Thus the late Rudyard Kipling in his irreverent youth. And the queries have been repeated—amid loud accusations of "unhelpfulness"—by inquisitive journalists of the Left ever since the beginning of large-scale rearmament in Britain. Now comes the Auditor-General, no less, with an official Report which, with a few well-chosen instances, totally justifies the suspicions and accusations of the Left, turns an ugly light on the real extent to which the Government has "mobilised everyone and everything" for the war effort, and, incidentally, finally knocks the pins from under the suggestion that it was "the propaganda against the armament firms" that was responsible for Britain's unpreparedness. The more you look at this document, the more full of political and economic dynamite it seems to be. I hope the House of Commons has been looking at it closely. I have space to summarise just one of its disclosures. In 1938 a certain foreign company held the patents of a gun which it was thought might be of great value in Britain's rearmament. First step: a company is formed in Britain to manufacture this gun. A patriotic move. Second step: the Air Ministry decides we must have some of these guns, and places an order with the only company that can make them. Third step: the company puts in an estimate of its costs, based on facts and figures known only to the company itself, and agrees to make the gun on condition that it gets a 10 per cent. profit on those costs, and in addition that the Air Ministry pays the foreign patent holders the licence fees. Fourth step: the Treasury and the Air Ministry come to the conclusion that the cost estimate is too high, and ask for facilities to investigate what the real costs are. Fifth step: the company replies that it will see them all further before it allows them to make any investigation at all, and, what is more, will refuse to make the gun at all unless these terms are met. It is April, 1939. Hitler has marched into Prague. War is just around the corner. Nobody else in Britain has the right to make that gun. The Air Ministry knuckles down, and the taxpayer pays up. War breaks out. More of those guns are needed. The Air Ministry proposes that the "target cost system" of payment should now be adopted. Nothing doing. Hitler is now in Poland. The company stands pat. The Air Ministry again agrees to the company's price. France falls. More guns needed. Ministry of Aircraft Production needs still more guns. They beg again and again to be allowed just one little peep at the company's books. No, Sir. The Battle for Britain is in progress. Ministry puts in another order. Independent investigation at the end of 1940 proved that the price charged was excessive. Some reduction is at last achieved (but nobody is jailed). Jailed? On the contrary. It is announced that owing to the fact that it has even now proved impossible to investigate the company's books and real costs, the Ministry is "considering the purchase by the Ministry of the company's undertaking." That is what I should call nationalisation de luxe.

* * *

I am glad to hear that at least one London Borough is at length taking steps to see that the supposed "rights" of property owners are not allowed to interfere with the big increase in home food production that is so obviously necessary. It seems to be the case that local authorities do, in fact, and very rightly, have the power to take over for allotment purposes, without previous reference to the owners, all gardens of unfurnished and unoccupied houses. Equally—and characteristically—it seems that in quite a number of places the traditional reverence for property owners has resulted in these powers being kept quietly in a drawer at the offices of the local authority. I have heard of at least one particularly scandalous case in which a railway company, owning unoccupied houses with gardens, was so determined to prevent a "precedent" being created that it had the nerve to declare that it could only allow its gardens to be cultivated as allotments on condition that the allotment holders could be evicted at one week's notice, and without compensation. Now, as a result of local representations, Marylebone is going ahead to use the full powers it possesses to take over uncultivated gardens, on terms which include a minimum of one month's notice, with full compensation for seed, labour and crop. The move has the full backing of the Ministry of Agriculture, and I expect to see the example followed in many other places where the citizenry have failed to realise the extent of the powers they really have.

* * *

Friends who have been speaking at last week's schools holiday conference on international affairs give an exciting account of the interest and keenness of the audience. The 450 boys and girls came from all over Surrey, their schools, mainly secondary or county, since they were over 16. One elementary school sent a contingent. They travelled to Sutton, brought their lunches, went home to sleep, and put in a packed two days of lectures and discussions. Multiply Surrey by the number of British counties and here is a good nucleus of children willing to give up holiday time to learn. The lecturers included Edward Thompson, K. Zilliacus, Leonard Woolf, and Professor Dodds. No sooner had each star performer sat down than the listeners leapt to their feet in batches to ask pointed questions. Here among this generation, my friends say, is potentially the leadership whose lack we so often hear bewailed. One of those who took part in this conference adds that much is to be expected of these who are not hampered from adjusting to our new circumstances by too well-to-do backgrounds. Their minds are less prejudiced about the future.

* * *

It is reported that the Controller of Production in the U.S.A. has arranged for the release of four-fifths of the unminted silver reserve for use in industry as a substitute for tin, copper or chromium. This proposal to use silver for soldering has led one journal to suggest half-seriously that the gold reserve might be usefully employed in the canning of tinned fruit. The U.S.A. could have made a vast contribution to world recovery after 1930 if it had bought new tin, rubber and other output instead of old gold; and it will be a final devastating comment on pre-war economic policies if the country is now driven to use gold, supposedly worth £200,000 a ton, as an ersatz for tin which it could have bought freely at £200 a ton. And Hitler is the one who was supposed to be crazy on such matters.

* * *

The path skirted a wood, running along the headland of a field of winter wheat: the cultivation had been economically done and the path was narrow. A party of hikers passed near me, making a raucous, though cheerful, din. Too social to walk in Indian file, they came swishing through the baby corn two abreast. The wheat has not yet reached a point where their trampling would damage it, but they wouldn't know that. "What lovely grass," said a girl. "What's it for, Mum?" "Cows," responded Mum.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to W. E. Russell.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

When, by the Grace of God, we went into this war alone, we proved that our weakness for Collectivism, was a mere passing aberration.—Sir Ernest Benn in *Everybody's*.

Advocates of the much-belauded decimal system have not noticed one of its drawbacks. In England, every clerk and shopman, every man in a railway ticket-office can do any amount of arithmetic sums in his head and get the answer right. People of less civilised lands cannot; they cannot do the sums, even on paper.—Letter in *Sunday Times*.

Did you notice, a few days ago, that the gardening talk was cut out to broadcast a concert composed by a German? Some B.B.C. officials evidently think German music is better than English food.—Letter in *Daily Herald*.

Briefly, our so-called summer-time is really a close approach to Berlin mean time, and our so-called double summer-time a closer approach to Leningrad mean time. Therefore, for the time being at least, Greenwich mean time has fallen from its high estate as the standard time for the British Isles, sacrificed on the altar of political expediency.—Letter in *Eastern Daily Press*.

UNCOMMON SENSE IN INDUSTRY

[In the article we published last week, Mr. Harrisson discussed the hours of factory work, arguing that a rather crude quantitative approach to man-power problems had so far obscured the deep importance of qualitative considerations.]

Total mobilisation is not achieved solely by mobilising bodies; much depends on the *way* they do whatever is necessary, and how they feel about doing it. This has been to a remarkable extent overlooked in the present war. In the last war we learnt, by bitter experience, the futility of trying, for instance, to increase output by working very much longer hours; the studies of Robert Hyde, Sargant Florence, Vernon and Rowntree, established beyond doubt the inefficiency of long hours.

Yet in this war the same mistakes have been made. Mass-Observation has found firms working "excessive" hours, and this was generally correlated with works friction, low morale, or declining output. Nearly a quarter of those engaged in war industry in the seven areas we studied from October to March were working sixty hours a week or more—i.e., above the recognised "optimum level." Though the Supply Ministries have now officially discouraged such hours, many of their local officials and individual personnel, especially Service officers, urge managements to work in this way, while on the workers' side there has grown up a vested interest in highly paid overtime. Long hours are not only correlated with lowered spirits, but also with lowered health. This is simply expressed in the following table.

No. of hours worked per day.	Percentage considering their health thus as compared with pre-war :		
	Better.	Worse.	Same.
Up to 9 hours ..	63%	35%	55%
Over 9 hours ..	33%	55%	35%
Vague or variable	4%	10%	10%

Nearly a quarter of workers engaged in war industry thought their hours definitely too long, while under a twentieth thought them too short. Here is part of a report from a girl working in a vital war factory (with a high reputation for "efficiency") employing girls who do a twelve-hour day, six days a week (alternate Saturday afternoons off):

> At about three o'clock one gets the feeling that the time will *never* pass; you think to yourself: After a whole hour, it will still only be four o'clock, and there will be two more hours to go after that before the tea-break. A bewildering sense of helplessness comes over one; nothing one does *can* ever make a time as long as that pass. One gets the feeling that the time isn't passing on its own at all: that one has to drag the clock hand round the minutes by will-power. One begins to make idiotic bargains with oneself: If I drill a hundred of these holes without looking up, then by the time I do look up five minutes will have passed.
>
> Between 3 and 5 in the afternoon more slacking and idling goes on than one would have thought *possible* in a wartime factory. Sometimes one can look along the bench and see not more than one girl in four actually working. But the others are rarely doing anything that could definitely be picked on by a foreman, such as knitting or reading. One will be sitting with her hand on the handle of her machine, as if just about to pull it down, and yet somehow not doing it; another will be patting her hair; another staring for a moment out of the window; another just settling down after a visit to the cloakroom, and so on.
>
> It is at this hour that the activities known as "lavatory-mongering" are at their height. People drift out to the cloakroom and stay there for half an hour or more eating sandwiches, talking, reading, and often just doing nothing at all. And this in spite of the fact that the cloakroom is most uninviting, containing simply three basins, two lavatories, and a few square feet of stone floor. There are no chairs or benches to sit on, not even a ledge on which to lay a bag or comb. Anything is welcome, so long as it provides a change from sitting at the bench.

This state of affairs is inevitable on such impossible hours, but is less likely to occur where piece-rates are worked. Probably around a half of war workers, including much of the less intelligent labour, are still on time rates; moreover, the direct money incentive for intensive piece-work is declining as spending outlets are necessarily more and more restricted. This sort of thing happened in peacetime, of course; it is a part of normal industrial "efficiency." But the needs of to-day are abnormal. Yet aspects of peacetime behaviour are carried over into 1942, both by employer and worker. Faced with the problem of getting the best out of workers, always hitherto controlled by the fear of the sack and the certainty of a million or more of surplus man-power, management doesn't really know what to do now when it finds it has no worker goodwill. It therefore tends to fall back in orderly retreat on Whitehall. Even over the crudest manifestations, like absenteeism, the Ministry of Labour has in the end to intervene—deliberate absenteeism has lately been made an offence under the Essential Work Order; such legislation is the negative solution, antithesis of diagnosis. Avoidable absenteeism may usefully be regarded as a crime, but it is equally a symptom, partly physical, partly psychological, and especially affecting women. As Miss Florence Hancock, Organiser of the Transport and General Workers' Union, remarked in a speech suggesting reduced hours for women in war work (April 25, Birmingham):

> "The urgent need for production has resulted in their being called upon to work long hours. To this they have readily agreed, but eventually there comes a time when the continuance of long hours does not make for greater production. I think we are fast reaching that period."

It will take more than new Orders, as Mr. Bevin is no doubt aware, to do much more than put a clean face on labour statistics. Industry seems to need a New Order from within. Employers might well reconsider, even in their own interests, the whole theory on which industry has worked for years, the theory that production consists of machines, operated by hands, and that what these hands do with their minds or when they are not needed by the machines is not management's business. Having reconsidered it, the employers must state their intentions. Until then, verbal demands for a spirit of urgency are a waste of breath. This is not something that can be left until after the war if we want total urgency as well as total mobilisation. Until there is a new pattern of responsibility and confidence within industry, "pep" talks and regulations are not going to make everybody go flat out, and nothing less will do for 1942.

In the much-talked-of period "after Dunkirk" it was the people of Britain who rose up and fought in the factories. The momentum of mass effort carried war production through for many months. That momentum has been winding down, and the more it does so, the more the ribs of the structure within which it has been operating are revealed. So long as people are working regardless of self-interest, deficiencies in structure and organisation will frequently be overcome by a spirit of enthusiasm and sacrifice. That spirit cannot be continually re-stimulated. You can never maintain full urgency, and urgency is simply the full use of *time*—unless there is a feeling of industrial identity, community, confidence, certainty.

But, in addition, the application of already existing knowledge is required to improve the response from the limited quantity of available humans. The scientific (as opposed to the purely technical) outlook has penetrated slowly into industry and negligibly into politics. Most Cabinet Ministers don't really recognise it. The Minister of Labour, who has put through so many humane and permanently valuable welfare measures since 1940, is sometimes curiously anti-scientific. He humorously dismissed the idea of employing temperament or aptitude tests for industry (House of Commons, February 12), although they are now being used by all the Services, and the proper placing of a shopgirl in industry is probably as difficult as in the A.T.S. The production war is only a process of the scientific war. We are applying the findings of scientists to the production of new weapons by means of new machinery. The outcome of battle on land, sea or air depends on the degree of the successful application of scientific research. Yet the men and women producing these items are still treated, in at least eight factories out of ten, as if there were no such thing as science applied to the human process of producing. Science does not mean, as many fear, the regimentation and impersonalisation of the worker. On the contrary, it implies the opposite. The present system *is* regimentation, impersonal and quantitative. A more scientific approach, difficult though it is to apply at this late date, could ensure that workers get the jobs they are happiest and most competent to do, and the country the best results.

In an Order of December 23, 1941, the hours of juvenile workers in the potteries and textile trades were extended beyond the limits of recognised efficiency. In April, the Order in regard to the potteries was revoked, due partly to the antagonism of the employers themselves, led by Lord Wedgwood. In the House of Commons, on April 16, Mr. Bevin said that the function of the Industrial Health Research Board was to advise upon scientific research on the basis of actual conditions and of a kind which may be expected to occupy a long period of time. In the potteries case he had to decide quickly.

> I am terminating the Order relating to the pottery industry. In the case of the cotton industry I am arranging for some inquiries in Lancashire, through the factory inspectors, as to whether any general signs of fatigue are manifesting themselves among the juveniles as a result of the longer hours in cotton spinning mills.
>
> *Mr. Lindsay :* Through what agency is the right hon. gentleman making those inquiries?
>
> *Mr. Bevin :* Through the factory inspectors.
>
> *Mr. Edmund Harvey :* Will this include expert medical advice?
>
> *Mr. Bevin :* We do not rely too much upon experts. We have to apply some common sense.
>
> (*Hansard*, April 16.)

We have had a century of common sense in industry. Maybe we now need some common-science. Uncommon sense, too.

Tom Harrisson

THE PROBLEM OF MR. CHURCHILL

There must be many young Tories in our own time who, as they watch the vigorous hostility of the 1922 Committee to all large-scale innovation are tempted to repeat Canning's well-known *cri de cœur* the "stupid old Tory Party." We are in one of those periods of which Peel spoke when he was Prime Minister and wrote to a friend "that the tone of public opinion is more liberal than that of the Government." Great issues are before us, and Mr. Churchill seems content to meet them not with the ideas they seem inherently to involve, but with those of a generation which the war has already made ancient history. What is the reason for his contentment?

The answer is not a simple one. Mr. Churchill, like Disraeli, is not the leader the Tories wanted, but the leader whom events have compelled them to accept. Like his predecessor, he has made one of those early pilgrimages into Radicalism which he will never be able quite to live down, for the hard core of his Party only forgives flirtation with ideas that are beginning to be forgotten. He is uneasily aware that he is still half a leader on sufferance, and that there are many of his back-benchers who sigh with regret for the days when Mr. Chamberlain refused to prick them into the insurgency of thought. Having come, at long last, into the uneasy possession of 10, Downing Street, Mr. Churchill cannot forget either the loneliness of his Cassandra-years from 1933–9, when he suspected that his career was over, or the first weeks of his administration, when he was cheered only from the Labour benches. He is, after all, nearly seventy years of age; and to achieve a reputation for solidity among those to whom every innovation is a threat seems better than to set out once again upon his travels.

Mr. Churchill has been for something like forty years a brilliant *condottiere* in our politics; and it is the habit of his type to look to conventional respectability as the voyage draws to its close. It is a far cry from the Disraeli of "Young England" to the detached, almost cynical, aloofness of the later period when the fatigued adventurer was content to let Mr. Cross transform the eager dreams of his springtime into the pedestrian utility of improved sanitation; but it is hardly more distant than the change from the eager, young, rebellious aristocrat who explained to enthusiastic audiences in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester the unity of his Liberalism with all that was best in the Socialist creed to the later period when the preoccupied strategist leaves the social foundations of his schemes to be defined by Mr. Erskine Hill and the 1922 Committee.

Partly, I suspect, it is temperament, and partly, also, the special environment in which a Tory Prime Minister lives who sees the dismay of his followers as the tidal waves of revolutionary war wash away so many of the ancient landmarks with which they are familiar. In his temperament, like most great orators, Mr. Churchill has always been the first victim of his own superb rhetoric. Having habit rather than philosophy as the basis of his ideas, he improvises conviction with a fury which makes him deaf to the give-and-take of discussion. He rarely considers what his critics are saying; he uses the silence to which their utterance reduces him at times only to strengthen the initial position he has chosen to assume. He deserts it only when the pressure of events has so obviously—as with India or ministerial reconstruction—made it untenable that even his reckless energy cannot mistake the abyss at his feet.

Nor is there anything reflective in his temperament. His imagination has always been fed externally. It is tangible events, things he has himself seen or experienced, which lead him to decision. The actual sight of what the victims of aerial bombardment have suffered will arouse in him at once the impulse to action; but the unseen suffering of the under-privileged masses hardly registers itself upon his mind. Like most great Parliamentarians, moreover, the impersonal forces of history are strange to him; he understands Mr. Attlee, but not Socialism; Mr. Bevin, but not trade unionism; Stalin, but not that Leninism which Stalin has turned into a remorseless sword. The things he deals with must be at hand; it is to-morrow's debate, the battle in June for which he must prepare in January, that he can understand. Temperamentally, too, like all Prime Ministers in a war period, he unconsciously yields to will the primacy over mind. He thinks of the crisis of our times as the outcome of Hitlerism; he does not pause to consider that Hitlerism is the outcome of the crisis of our times. He has no canon of judgment for the age; he sees in it the clash of wills, but not the meaning of the ideas behind the wills. So that, temperamentally, he is incapable of the long view; he does not catch a glimpse of the day after to-morrow. Like the romantic soldier he so essentially is, his vision is set by the geography of the battlefield on which the guns are roaring; he is impatient at the occasional voice which asks him to throw his glance beyond its horizons. He lives always in the moment of the great actions he directs; the relevance of those distant perspectives which will ultimately determine their meaning has no power to attract his attention.

Set such a man, vivid, impulsive, passionate, deeply interested in himself as the embodiment of contemporary British history, in the environment in which a Tory Prime Minister whom birth has linked to the central, and still powerful, aristocratic tradition of this country, and the problem of Mr. Churchill is defined. It is not easy, under any circumstances, to argue with a Prime Minister, least of all in wartime; for, in our Parliamentary system, the dissidents must either give way or provoke a crisis of which they dare not lightly risk the outcome. He hears criticism in Parliament; but a victory or a manœuvre in personnel will almost always make the division safe. He is pressed in the Cabinet; by skilful selection of the lesser evils he can always postpone the major concessions sought. He hears the Socialist case, not in that intimate life where ideas are weighed and measured, but in that public debate where phrases like "victory" and "national unity" are a skilful anodyne for thought. His Labour colleagues are temporarily in his inner world but not ultimately of it. The things they press for sound like distant echoes of the things that at ten thousand dinner tables or a thousand pleasant week-ends at a great country house he has so often declared impossible. With his heart set on the preservation of ancient splendour, traditions he loves, institutions which have made him so much of what he is, how can he listen to the voices which urge him towards principles which threaten their foundations? How much the less when a hundred powerful influences from the only world he loves and understands tell him that in the maintenance of the going concern he preserves the inheritance to the future?

There are two things Mr. Churchill, with all his great gifts of heart and head, has therefore failed to understand. The first is that the foundations are gone of the order he is bent on preserving; the problem now is the nature of the order that is to take its place. So that his attitude to his time is a grave anachronism, an unconscious *après moi le déluge* for which, no doubt, posterity will mainly pay, but which, also, will have an immense effect upon its judgment of his place in history. The second is that he is repeating the mistake that Peel made with the Tory Party—he is failing to educate it to understand the new world into which it has entered. He is leaving it with the conviction that, when the tempest has passed, the ancient landmarks will still be standing, instead of preparing it for the adjustments their disappearance will then compel. He is content to move within limits traced for him by men and interests who kept him out of office until the twelfth hour had struck, instead of insisting that he has no task so fundamental as to set for them the limits within which they must move. For the inescapable logic of the massive events of our time—the Russian Revolution, the advent of Mussolini and Hitler, the betrayal of France by privilege, the conduct, everywhere, of supreme resistance to aggression by ordinary workmen in Warsaw, and hardy peasants in Jugoslavia and Greece—he substitutes the broken insights of the men who, even as late as June, 1939, thought that there was some side-door in history through which they could pass to accommodation with Hitler. He listens to the men who were deaf to his long warnings as though they spoke from the heart of that common people whose will to freedom is, in fact, the only sure foundation of his own power.

I do not know whether it is too late for what is being said in camp and factory, in aerodrome and mine, to penetrate the walls of that fortress in Downing Street where Toryism has scored its greatest triumph since 1917, when it made the flexible and audacious mind of Mr. Lloyd George its prisoner. It well may be too late. There is an obstinacy in Mr. Churchill which too often makes him regard the different outlook as the hostile attack. Combative and pugnacious by nature, he is slow to re-examine the foundations of his outlook. Nature has made him a doer rather than a thinker; and he has always been the victim of deeply illogical loyalties he has never analysed. Perhaps the tragic proof in India that a failure to innovate in time exacts, as Ireland has exacted, immeasurable cost may persuade him even yet to see the importance in a revolutionary war of the revolutionary implication. That importance was stressed by Kropotkin in a sentence that Sir Stafford Cripps might well bring to Mr. Churchill's notice: "A revolution," he wrote, "must from its inception be an act of justice to the ill-treated and oppressed, and not a promise to perform this act of reparation later on. Otherwise, it is sure to fail." The problem Mr. Churchill has to solve is whether he can teach the party he leads in time that measures of social justice are the foundation of successful strategy.

HAROLD J. LASKI

MANNERS

How wise the Germans are—sometimes! They appreciate charm. No other nation since the beginning of the war has conceived the idea of a courtesy week to inaugurate a "campaign for politeness," at the end of which prizes ranging from a wireless set to £80 will be given to the politest man in the neighbourhood. Waiters especially are encouraged to compete. No longer are they to be left free to thrust the menu under your nose and ask brusquely: "What the —— do you want?" Instead of this, they will hand you the bill of fare, as waiters in the old-fashioned world used to do, pause patiently as you read through the catalogue of foods you once abhorred, and say "Thank you" as they inscribe on their pads the items of undelight that will keep you—and them—alive. After some centuries of Greek, Roman, and Western European civilisation, we have reached a point at which diners have to be persuaded to say "Thank you" for a dish of minced veal, and waiters have to be persuaded to say "Thank you" to the diner who orders it. Not in England perhaps, till prices have been restricted, but it may come to that.

In peacetime, the man who sells is always polite to the man who buys. His customers are his pets. He likes to see them buying as much of everything as possible—cigarettes, matches, whisky, fish, eggs, chickens, chocolates. The customer in peacetime is his benefactor. In wartime, on the other hand, the man who sells becomes the benefactor. He it is who can, if he does not know you or does not like the look of you, gruffly—or blankly—refuse you a packet of cigarettes or a bar of chocolate, which you know well to be under the counter. He has no more need than a waiter to be polite any longer. He in his turn has now the whip-hand, and, if you do not like salt cod, he is in a position to tell you without any relish of courtesy to take it or leave it.

On the whole, however, I think English manners have so far come very creditably through the ordeal of wartime. The waiter in the so-called luxury restaurant will offer you a vile course of stewed corned-beef as courteously as he would have suggested saddle of mutton and red-currant jelly in the more degenerate days that we all remember. The tobacconist with his little notice on the counter, "Sorry, no cigarettes. No matches," smiles as graciously as a Japanese as, with the wan face of a spent traveller approaching an oasis in the desert, you enter his shop. The grocer is even genial as he says: "No spam." The man at the wine-counter beams at you as he says: "No sherry. No whisky." I cannot remember ever since I was born having been refused so much by so many people so charmingly. The landlord of "The Parrot" says "No doubles" in such a friendly way that one would like to stand him a double if doubles were procurable.

In the last war, I think, "nerves" were commoner than in the present. Englishmen in their own island were unaccustomed to war, and, when it came, some of them lost both their heads and their manners. Greengrocers, faced by a situation in which they had never been before, insulted customers who queued up for so simple a commodity as potatoes. Taxi-cab drivers invited to increase their income by taking you from Victoria Station to Hampstead, showed symptoms of apoplexy as the veins in their temples swelled into bunches of purple grapes, and their language became more purple than their veins. Grocers—even rather nice grocers—kept matches for their richer customers and sent the more impoverished empty away. In many country inns the man who tried to buy a bottle of whisky was dismissed with contempt. " What do we get out of it ! " the landlady would say when he had gone. To-day the would-be purchaser of a bottle of whisky is even more unlikely to get it ; but he is refused with a benevolent smile.

It is curious that manners should have so much improved in the last twenty years or so, since in some respects they are generally admitted to have deteriorated. There has been a revolution in manners even in the use of strong language. Even the most blasphemous friends of my youth never used expressions like " bloody " or " hell of a " in the presence of a woman. A great friend of mine, who, having gone to sea at an early age, and acquired an international vocabulary, always refused to be introduced to any girl he thought respectable because, he said, he did not know how to talk without using the most atrocious language. In those days, men—at least, worldly men—had two languages, one for use among themselves, and the other for use in their families, and among women, and if clergymen were present. This, I think, was a good thing in the tradition of William of Wykeham. About the time of the last war, unfortunately, manners changed in the use of the more expletive type of speech, till now we can hear over the wireless language such as the Duke of Wellington used only among his friends and other inferiors. The smoking-room has burst into the drawing-room ; and even the printed word has reverted to the pre-bathroom era. Historians will probably look back to the period 1918–1939 as a period of return to horribly normal decivilisation.

As for manners in general, their chief virtue probably is that they reduce the innate egocentricity of human beings and put at least a simulation of good nature in the place of indifference or hostility. If you are introduced to a stranger, you feel less repugnance to him than you might otherwise feel as you ask him courteously : " How do you do ? " And he, won over by your solicitude for his well-being and not to be outdone in courtesy, replies with equal friendliness, " How do you do ? " Having established this interest in each other you find that a gate has been opened to a path that leads to the brotherhood of man. Most of us have begun a lifelong friendship with a " How do you do ? " that from a rational point of view is an empty formality. Yet it is to such empty formalities that we owe most of the ease of ordinary social life. Imagine a world in which nobody ever said " Thank you " except when feeling genuinely grateful, and you will realise at once how harsh, how dour, life would be without such grace-notes. The bus-conductor who says " Thank you " as he accepts your fare—a fare that is not of the slightest personal advantage to him—is to my mind as much superior to a bus-conductor who never says thank you as sunshine is to shadow. And the passenger who says " Thank you " as he receives his ticket—a piece of paper that the conductor has no right to refuse him—is also playing his part in dispelling the dullness of a tongue-tied world.

Yet I doubt whether it is natural to the human being to say " Thank you." The ordinary child, if left to itself, would accept a slice of the most delicious cake without feeling that there was any need to express its gratitude in words. It might make inarticulate noises of joy, but it is only after long pestering by its nurse that it acquires the habit of saying " Thank you " for anything from a bun to a birthday present. Later, if a boy, it learns to take off its cap to its mother in the street, superfluous a practice though this seems to many of the male young, and not to push its way through doors in front of a member of the opposite sex. In this way, through play-acting at respect for other people it gradually becomes more considerate of other people—even of people for whom it has no natural liking. The pretences that underlie good manners become real enough in the end to make most human beings tolerable to each other. The bad-mannered man is as a rule simply a man who finds other people intolerable and lets them see that he does.

Consider, for example, the bad manners that became so common on the roads with the popularisation of the motor car. A considerable number of drivers drove with the egoism of men of the Heroic Age, hating and hooting at cars in front of them on winding roads or sauntering along on the crown of the road in hearty dislike of all those behind who wished to be allowed to pass. There was such an orgy of discourtesy for a time that some one established, or proposed to establish, a new order of chivalry for road users. The invention of the motor car brought the egocentric nature of many human beings to the surface. It increased swank—which is only a form of bad manners. As a result there were more accidents on the roads than there need have been. Cyclists were pushed into the hedges, and pedestrians were sworn at as they skipped out of the way for their lives.

The gramophone and the wireless led for a time to an outburst of similar inconsiderateness. Contempt of neighbours became common, and jazz poured out a cacophony of contempt from ten thousand open windows. Man had not yet learned to adapt himself in his manners to the Machine Age, and, as the owner of a machine, he was too old to have courtesy hammered into him by nurses.

Adults, indeed, are more difficult to instruct in good manners than children, as the Germans will find. The best hope is to form a school of manners to which adults will be persuaded to go as they go to dancing schools. If you get it into an adult's head that there is even more pleasure to be had from good manners than from jigging round a dance-floor, you will have gone a long way to create a land fit for Beau Nash to have lived in. Perhaps the German offer of a prize of £80 for the best-mannered man will help. Men will do much for money. The prospect of getting it makes a man feel better-natured, and good-nature is the root of good manners.

Y. Y.

THE VILLAGE AND THE WAR

A FEW weeks ago, I took the chair at a village meeting called to form a local branch of the National Union of Agricultural Workers. Ours is a small remote village. Practically all the men are land workers and many of the women, too, work for the farmers for some part of the year. The new national minimum of £3 a week, with the county overtime of 1*s.* 4*d.* an hour, has made the workers better off than they have ever been, and for certain specialists, such as tractor drivers and cowmen, the minimum is exceeded by several shillings a week.

It was pointed out at our meeting by the able representative of the Union that the new scale would never have been attained without the Union, that the extra cheese ration and the extra clothing coupons had been secured by the Union's pressure, and that, unless the Union added to its membership and its strength, all the benefits that have been gained will be in peril when the war is over. It was this last suggestion that carried most weight with the men, and we started with a respectable nucleus of members.

Most of our cottages are fairly good, though few of them have inside running water. Our evacuees are mostly boys from a South London central school and they and their masters have become a definite local asset.

Here is a little community of under 400, two-and-a-half miles from a railway station and five miles from a town, with one omnibus a week. Its comparative remoteness may make its conditions peculiar and I do not argue from the particular to the general. But there may be some interest in the everyday life of this corner of rural England.

Considering the physical strain of their work, a proportion of the men are underfed. The limited meat ration and, worst of all, the small amount of bacon are a serious loss and the distance from shops adds immensely to the difficulties of wartime marketing. Every cottage has its garden and there is no lack of vegetables and eggs, but the village woman is rarely a good cook and the best use is not made of her assets. Not one cottage in our village has a pig. On five days a week a communal dinner is provided for the children. The meals are well planned, well served and well cooked. The labour is largely voluntary and the cost is fourpence-halfpenny. What the village badly needs is a similar centre for adults.

Another serious matter is the shortage of beer. The inn, in all respects an excellent institution, is frequently sold out on Saturday night with no further supplies until Wednesday. This is both a social and material loss. Men whose work is some distance from their homes take their packets of bread and cheese and sit for an hour with a pint of beer which now costs them ninepence. When the inn is closed they are without both drink and a place to rest. Rationed tea is unavailable and minerals are exhausted.

And in the evenings the inn is the social centre, with its dartboard and its friendly gossip, a club in the best sense. There is no such thing as over-drinking. The countryman's talk is never bawdy and he is seldom given to adjectival exuberance. The evening company is mainly masculine, though a few wives are among " the regulars " and are often useful as scorers in the dart matches.

Personally I find the talk stimulating and informative. It is good shop talk, and what is better ? I am continually impressed by the country lore of my neighbours and by the real interest that most of them have in their jobs. The village has, of course, had its younger men taken by the Forces, and the majority of " the regulars " are over forty. From them I never hear any envy of the town workers and they agree that, with the new wages scale, they are economically better off. They have the same vocational feeling as the good lawyer and the good journalist have. They are not inclined to exaggerate grievances, but they are unanimous in their denunciation of the tied cottage system and they are indignant at the demand, in certain instances, for increased rent when the wages were raised.

The reactions to the war are suggestive. Few of the villagers have a daily paper and none of us can get an evening paper without walking five miles for it. Most of the cottages have a wireless set and the war news is mostly confined to B.B.C. scraps. There is no apparent realisation of the national peril. But it has been most interesting to find how impressed these people are by the Russian victories. " Got something to fight for, that's what they have. More than what we have." That is the judgment of the inn.

A second point of interest is the growing mistrust of the governing caste. From the point of view of the future of village life this is a very healthy development.

The countryman has been quite content to be bossed. There is no such thing as real democratic local government. In my village the Parish Council consists of landowners, farmers and one clergyman. The workers have no representative on the Rural Council. There is no Labour Party in the County Council. The same men and women are often on all of these bodies and many of them are also J.P.s. The consequence is that optional powers that might be used for the common good are neglected and that many amenities, vital for the good life of small communities, are not provided.

The local government is not entirely inefficient. Many of the well-to-do landowners and the retired army and navy men are generous with both time and money in the service of their fellows. But class rule still exists in the countryside. As I have said, it is beneficent, but it is prejudiced and often unintelligent. The prevailing principle is not that the people should have what they want, or even what they have the right to demand, but what their betters decide is good for them. Recently I had an illuminating example of the mind of our rulers. I was invited to talk to a drawing meeting on what seemed to me the inevitable social changes that will result from the war. Afterwards I was gently chided by one of the local big-wigs, who said that the idea of any sort of revolution in England was ridiculous. They could always count on the common sense and the sense of justice of the people, who knew that their interests were the same as those of their landlords and employers. I am happy in the knowledge that, if this speech had been made in the inn, it would have been received with ribald laughter.

There are great difficulties with regard to time and transport, but it is the indifference of the workers that is responsible for the continuance of something like feudalism. If Cole is right and if democracy is to continue and develop, it must be nurtured in small areas; and the country workers should be encouraged and helped to manage their own affairs. Here is a useful job of work for the Labour Party that badly needs doing and that needs doing now.

Perhaps the growth of the Trade Union movement—there have been a dozen new branches of the Agricultural Union formed in my county this year—may stimulate political interest and activity.

The Home Guard, which takes practically all the leisure of the workers, is encouraging the feeling of solidarity and is affecting the fantastic class distinctions that characterise village life. The Women's Institute is another valuable social institution. The Church, alas, has the smallest influence. I am, of course, writing of the one neighbourhood that I know. Here the workers rarely, if ever, go to church except to be married and to be buried, and for the baptism of their children. And the Church does nothing to add to the social life of the village. There are many reasons for the failure. One of them is that the priest is regarded as one of " the gentry." He is never regarded as a man and a helpful brother. It is only fair to say that here, as in many villages, the clergyman's wife is a priceless asset, quite tireless in unobtrusive kindliness.

It is possible that with more scientific culture, the farms, all of them comparatively small, might employ more labour. My informed neighbours are emphatic that much more food could be produced locally. But skilled labour is almost impossible to find.

What is needed for the present population, living under war conditions, is better transport to the town, more provision for recreation, the appointment of trained welfare workers, and the agitation to persuade the people to use the powers that they have to be the masters in their own villages.

SIDNEY DARK

AFTER VICTORY

" A spacious, active, enterprising, gay country after war."—MR LYTTELTON, April 26th.

It was a peacetime evening,
Old William's watch was done,
And he before his sandbagged cave
Was polishing his gun;
While by him scavenged on the green
The little war-child, Wavelline.

She rummaged in a refuse pile
And found a rusty tin,
Exclaiming with a thrifty smile,
" That's for the salvage bin."
But he replied, " No, little maid,
I'll use it for a hand-grenade."

" But say, Old William, why you fight
Now we have won the war,
And what," asked the redundant mite,
" Are people fighting for,
And say why must guerillas be
After our famous victory ? "

Old William answered " Long we fought
The tyrant to resist,
It was some years before we caught
The bus that Hitler missed,
But still our long-term policy
Led us at last to victory.

" It was not till the war was won
That fighting here began
And practically everyone
Became a partisan,
For better worlds you cannot build
Without some people getting killed.

" The coming of the peace implied
The ending of the truce."
" Well, then," the captious infant cried,
" Whatever was the use ? "
" Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
" It was that kind of victory."

SAGITTARIUS

THE MOVIES

" How Green was My Valley," at the New Gallery and the Marble Arch Pavilion

" Let the People Sing," at the Leicester Square

" One of Our Aircraft is Missing," at the Odeon

" To Be or Not to Be," at the Gaumont (from Sunday).

How Green was My Valley deserves the Guggenheim Medal for the phoniest film of the year. Nobody will be surprised at Welsh miners living in vast, brightly-lit road-houses with white Georgian style panelling; at an elementary school with a brilliant vestibule and a teacher, both elegant enough for the Ritz Bar; at miners' daughters (in the Nineties) with hair and eyebrows exquisitely arranged by the most expensive Californian *coiffeurs*; at a Methodist minister officiating in golf tweeds and saying " foist " instead of " first," etc., etc., etc. Such incongruities are usual when Hollywood depicts the life of us rough islanders. A graver fault is the absence of a theme. The deterioration of an industry, the growth of a trades union, the hypocrisy of chapel-goers, an unhappy love—any of these would provide a subject, but the film hops inconsequently from one to another. I presume that Mr. Llewellyn's novel is a little more plausible than *East Lynne*, but every melodramatic incident from it is chucked into the film regardless of probability. A mining valley is a subject that should be treated realistically or epically; to make of it a mixture of a novelette and a musical comedy is an insult. No expense has been spared: the singing is good; Miss Sara Allgood registers a variety of emotions with full-blooded conviction; and a boy called Roddy McDowell walks away with the film. If Mr. John Ford is as intelligent as his previous work suggests, how can he contemplate this production without dismay?

Let the People Sing is, for opposite reasons, equally disappointing. Mr. Priestley has provided a stirring theme, the people of an English town rising to defend their liberties and their gaieties against commerce and snobbery. If the film had been made with the technical brilliance of Mr. Priestley's plays and broadcasts, it might have been the spearhead of a fine campaign. Alas, the dialogue is flat, the photography dull to the point of ugliness; and the whole affair shows that ingenuous, happy-go-lucky mediocrity which used to be the glum hall-mark of English films.

Between these disasters I saw the best non-documentary film that the war has inspired—*One of Our Aircraft is Missing*, the story of a bomber-crew who after attacking Stuttgart have to bale out in Holland and escape to England with the help of the Dutch. Somebody may complain that the flyers are too commonplace. No display of initiative or sex-appeal, no nonsense about Paladins of the Air, but ordinary Englishmen resolutely doing a job as well as it can be done. I think this is all to the good. Dialogue and acting, photography and direction, are similarly unostentatious and effective. Miss Pamela Brown and Mr. Eric Portman have the best chances and take them immensely well. Exemplary in taste and verisimilitude, this film is also intensely gripping. I find no subject now more moving than the never-ceasing war waged by the occupied countries against their oppressors. Here we have it presented with deep feeling and consummate technical skill. Mr. Michael Powell and all his associates are to be congratulated on making a swell thriller which is also a message of encouragement.

To Be or Not to Be is also a film about resistance in an occupied country—Poland. It is anti-Nazi, skilful, and, I suppose, funny. But jokes connected with concentration camps in Poland and the execution of Polish patriots seem to me inexcusable, especially when contrived in Hollywood by Messrs. Lubitsch and Lengyel, who by birth, I fancy, are respectively German and Hungarian.

ROGER MARVELL

A FINE PLAY

" Watch on the Rhine," at the Aldwych

Old Joshua, an American diplomat, who died long before the events of this drama, plays an important part in it. He belonged to an older generation of Americans which were not so divorced from Europe, and less inclined to take for granted the thesis that increasing luxury is the object of life. His widow, Fanny, is one of these domestic tyrants whose good nature and strong individuality make them adorable on the stage, however trying their egotism might be to their children in real life. This part is superbly played by Miss Athene Seyler. Her son (Peter Murray Hill) turns out to her surprise to have a bit of his father in him. These two live in a tranquilly comfortable Southern home near Washington, complete with the perfect negro servant and a French governess. When the play opens they have two guests; a Rumanian count, who, as played by Mr. Charles Goldner, is as nasty a bit of work as you will find in any corrupt aristocracy, and his wife who has had enough of her husband. Miss Judy Campbell proves equal to this difficult part.

Into this menage there arrives Fanny's daughter, who has not been home for 20 years, with her husband and three children. In Europe she has married Mueller, a German engineer, who has become an underground anti-Nazi worker, has passed to and fro across the frontier, had his hands broken (one of the less pleasant features of Nazi interrogation) and who combines in himself those peculiar qualities of decision, sensitiveness, hatred of suffering, ruthlessness and personal courage, which anyone who has known this type of worker will recognise. Anton Walbrook does full justice to this patient, quiet and heroic part. The scene in which this German family arrives unexpectedly in the drawing-room is as good as anything that has appeared on the London stage in recent years. Miss Diana Wynyard, as Mueller's wife, plays her tragic role without a flaw, and her three children give astonishingly perfect performances as the correctly behaved, well-educated, rather pedantic, conscientious and kindly youngsters who used in Germany to grow up into the Liberals of 1848, whom we all knew under the Weimar Republic, and who must even to-day suffer helplessly under the heel of a Nazified generation, which has substituted brutality for precision, worship for loyalty, and the lust of conquest for the desire to be liked.

Most of the play is devoted to the duel between the Rumanian and the German anti-Nazi. The moves and counter-moves belong to a world that the American grandmother and her son are utterly unable to comprehend. But when blackmail, cruelty, and murder occur in the drawing-room, the spirit of old Joshua rises to the situation. This is one of the best and the most moving plays that London has known for some years. Miss Hellman's material, it is true, only just lasts out the three Acts. But she has painted an honest picture of a brutal struggle about supreme issues cutting into comfortable homes, compelling those who love to recognise that society may have to come first before their love, since their love is founded on the recognition of qualities that forbid escape from danger and reality. *Watch on the Rhine* is a harrowing, truthful and satisfying play.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Correspondence

BITTER ENDERS

Sir,—The letter of Mr. Walter Loeb which appeared in your issue of April 18 under the title "Bitter Enders" was commented on in the same issue by the Editor. The ironical title itself given by the Editor tries to create the illusion that the Germans would fight until the "bitter end" only when encouraged by Lord Vansittart, Mr. Loeb and others like them. Not encouraged by them the Germans would finish the war and begin to co-operate with other nations, probably by revolting against their Hitlerite oppressors. This seems to me to be a classic example of "wishful thinking," as there is no sign at all of any opposition to Hitler in Germany. On the contrary, the German people seems to be quite united under Hitler's rule and does not attempt any sabotage or any underground fight which under similar, if not worse, circumstances is going on in the occupied countries. This is a sad but nevertheless real truth which has to be faced. Therefore this new form of appeasement which the Editor of *New Statesman and Nation* uses once more, this time directed towards Germany's working class, is not more realistic than the appeasement of Mr. Chamberlain, which was directed towards Germany's ruling group.

I do not think that Germany is simply an over-industrialised country, as the Editor states, comparing it with Great Britain. The German industry was built up and developed even before 1933 with the clear intention of conquering the world. This over-development is therefore not a natural economic process and is now going on for the same political purposes, using the methods of destroying many branches which are not necessary for the war of the heavy industries in France, Belgium, Poland. After a German victory all the heavy industries of the world, Britain's industry not excluded, would be destroyed and Britain changed into an agricultural country, in a similar position towards Germany, as Denmark was towards Great Britain. Besides, the German war industry has been adapted during the war to this purpose, has already reached 70 per cent. of the whole production, and will have to increase to 85 per cent. It is therefore in any case impossible to maintain this enormous industry after the war and there must be a liquidation of the over-developed war machine.

But apart from the economic need of reducing the German industry, there are very important political needs too. Economic thinking cannot be pursued in a political vacuum. If the world is to be saved from the danger of a third war, the reconstruction of the German industry must be in such a direction as to make a future rearmament impossible. There is no question of making Germany an agricultural country; this would be impossible because of the 20 millions of workers working in it. But the German production must be adapted to peace aims, changed into a light industry. A big part of German heavy industry will probably be transferred into other countries, less developed up till now. If this did not happen, if other countries had to get their machine tools from Germany, there would be no possibility of impeding the German industry changing at any moment to war industry.

Adam Pragier
(Former Socialist member of
the Polish Parliament.)

34 Hill Rise, N.W.11.

CRISIS IN BOOK TRADE

Sir,—There was one aspect of the book situation which was not mentioned by "C" in his article "Crisis in the Book World" in your issue of the week before last. This is that of distribution. The work of university, technical, research, and last but by no means least, public libraries, is being retarded by publishers allowing standard books to go out of prnit and issuing new books in such small numbers that the demand greatly exceeds the supply. The majority of new books are out of print within a few weeks of being published, with the result that librarians who wait for reviews to appear before deciding whether to buy or not (and this is the only satisfactory method of providing a balanced first-class stock) are unable to obtain quickly, or at all, many of the books they need. Books reach the largest number of readers when available in libraries, and it seems desirable that some means should be devised in these days of priorities whereby the maximum use of books can be obtained by reserving for public libraries a proportion of the new books published.

The question of the supply of children's books is equally important. Very few of the standard children's books are being reprinted and the number of new titles announced is meagre. Before the war the majority of the children's books sold were those which had been tried and proved to be good; new titles accounted for a much smaller percentage of the total number of books sold than was the case with adult books. Children's books have a much shorter life than adult's books for the reasons that they are not so strongly made and receive much rougher treatment. Where books are available they are used by children much more than was ever the case before the war, and it is most desirable that they should be provided in adequate numbers. The supply of children's books is at present very small, and the position will soon be such that there will be hardly any children's books available, with consequent loss to the children's education.

L. M. Harrod

22 Cornmarket,
Thame, Oxon.

LARGE AND SMALL SHOPS

Sir,—I think some reply should be made to Mr. Cohen's letter of April 11th. It seems to me that if a decision must be made to eliminate and concentrate any trade, distributive or other, it must resemble, in its difficult choice, the bewilderment which confronts a bookseller or library when deciding which books to stock or to forgo.

True, many shops have had to close for the duration—that was to be expected; but by what standard are we to measure the necessity of maintaining or, for that matter, of closing a shop, especially since all those open at the moment find it worth their while? Further, how can a Price Regulation Committee control an industry in such a way that it does not exploit the would-be buyers or market of its non-existent competitors? The fact that certain shops have closed puts those remaining in a better position, and the arbitrary decision to make others shut shop multiplies this advantage. It cannot be equitable to ask a man to give away his goodwill to a competitor when he finds it worth while to struggle.

Finally, I do not adhere to the reasoning that such a provision as your correspondent thinks necessary, ultimately will work towards "the interests of the community," particularly since *laissez-faire* private enterprise has not completely vanished from the economic life of this country.

Walter Robinson

26 Chalmers Road,
Cambridge.

FROM REVOLUTION TO REFORM

Sir,—It is not my habit to argue about reviews of my books. I must, however, make an exception in the case of Professor Laski's review of my study on *Socialism, National or International*? in last week's issue of the New Statesman and Nation, because Professor Laski, giving only the scantiest indications about the content of my study, instead rushed into psychology or, more exactly, into purely personal matters. Far be it from me to question Laski's qualifications as a psychologist, but I submit that he knows precisely nothing of my past, except that 13 years ago I left the Communist International. According to him, in order to avoid at any price a repetition of the disappointments of my youth, I have entered

"What sort of an advertisement would make you want to visit a particular bookshop?" This was the question we asked another member of our staff in search of advertising ideas. The answer was: "Any ad. that sounded as if I could go in, look around, enjoy myself and not be bothered to buy if I didn't see a book I didn't happen to want—or could afford." The ideal bookshop ad. is still to be written. Any suggestions? Come along to the

WESTMINSTER
BOOKSHOP

and see what you'd write about it! We hope your remarks would be printable.

14, Great Smith Street,
Westminster

The Old Churches
of London

GERALD COB and
GEOFFREY WEBB

The destruction of so many fine buildings through indiscriminate bombing has awakened as much interest as it has excited grief about the splendid but little realised inheritance of London Churches, which can now be visualised as a whole in this remarkable book. The illustrations include six colour plates, and over 120 photographs, many hitherto unpublished, of churches which have survived or been destroyed.

With its beautiful coloured jacket by Randolph Schwabe, this is a book that should immediately establish itself as the standard work on its subject.

15s net

B. T. Batsford Ltd.
15, *North Audley St., London, W.1*

The
Discipline
of Peace

K. E. BARLOW

☆ 'I venture to pronounce Dr. Barlow's book one of the most important published during the last decade . . . the remarkable synthesis which Dr. Barlow has achieved not only in covering the whole contemporary field, politics, philosophy, biology, physics, economics, genetics, agriculture, and sociology, but in relating them to a coherent whole which bears investigation in all its several parts.'—H. J. Massingham: *New English Weekly*. 'A bold and important book. Its thoughtfulness cannot be conveyed in a review.'—*Field*. 8/6

Faber & Faber

Ramón J. Sender

A MAN'S PLACE

A novel by one of the foremost Spanish Left writers: 'an almost whimsically told story about a village in Aragon, where two men were tortured and imprisoned for a crime that was never committed ... it has something of the smiling horror of a Goya etching' ROBERT LYND

'An extraordinarily rich and poetic vein of narrative' THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT (recommended)

'Both scenery and people are as sharply drawn as though seen with the eyes of the mind in that lovely clear light which belongs to Spanish air' TIME AND TIDE

[7s 6d net]

JONATHAN CAPE

upon a "rapid pilgrimage from the eager Communism of my youth to the comfortable haven of social reform," am accepting "the worst realisms of the practical men in the belief that they represent the only available possibilities," all that because, he suspects, I am burdened with "a sensitive temperament deeply wounded by the hard school of experience." Side by side with such paternal admonishments he charges me with "patronising and aloof superiority" of which he, apparently, is entirely free.

My book, however, is not primarily concerned with Communism or with the contest of revolutionism *v.* social reform. It deals with international affairs, emphasises and justifies the enormous importance of nationalism, attacks Wilsonism, the League of Nations, Federal Unionism and Labour Pacifism. When, at the age of 21, I first entered politics, I was as contemptuous of all these as I am at present, and throughout my Communist years I fiercely fought for recognition of the paramount importance of nationalism. I have not changed a whit in all these matters, and if Laski treats me as a "convert" it is due to his light-hearted assumption of a transformation which has never taken place. The sugary kind of pacifism which was *à la mode* in the world socialist movement was never to my taste.

It is interesting to speculate, however, how Laski, by mere inference, could arrive at so mistaken an interpretation. Should it be that a development towards "mild social reform" is the only one he can conceive in a man who has abandoned revolutionary Marxism? Should that be the reason, why he does not even mention as, apparently, unimportant to his mind, the programme of "super-imperialism," of Anglo-American paramountcy, which is the core and conclusion of my argument? Should it be that Professor Laski, riveted to the revolutionary-reformist alternative of the eighteen nineties, imagines that I moved away from Communism as something too revolutionary? In fact, as expressed in my "Communist International," I moved away from it because I saw that it was "simply a failure," that the class struggle is simply a minor incident in the struggle for world-domination, which is the essence of our era, and that, accordingly, one must turn, in Disraeli's words, to "real politics, international politics," and, in peace as much as in war, put every ounce of strength into its fierce, all-decisive contests. Professor Laski may regard me as a secretly sensitive soul in flight from what he seems to regard as daring ideals of Labour Socialism. Little does he know of the development of those who, in the words of G. B. Shaw's *Revolutionists' Handbook,* have started as revolutionists, only to "become more revolutionary as they grow older, though they are commonly supposed to become more conservative owing to their loss of faith in conventional methods of reform."

F. BORKENAU

EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE

SIR,—Mr. Davenport cannot be allowed to get away with that. He now says that he "did not mean to suggest that *all* directors had increased their standard of living"; but, whatever he meant to suggest, that was precisely what he said: ("before . . . not all directors were living . . . first-class. Now they are"). I called his statement untrue. I am content to know that he did not "mean to suggest" that it was true.

Really, Mr. Davenport must learn to be more accurate in controversy. As for "sore places"—an excellent example of the logical fallacy, *Ignoratio Elenchi*—the third-class carriage which conveys me between London and Wokingham is certainly not so hard as to give me a sore place. GUY P. DAWNAY

15, Moorgate, London, E.C.

SIR,—When Mr. Davenport says "What sore places some people have!" does he really expect to get away with it? He referred to a rise in directors' *real* standard of living—measured in entertainment, etc.—and now quibbles by referring to "the rise in the cost of directorial living" as legal justification for increased charges against profits. His original statement was grossly unfair and fantastically immoderate.

I do not know whether Mr. Davenport within his circle is an accurate and truthful observer, but I am tempted to judge the company he keeps by his statements. There are people with an eye to the main chance in all ranks, military and civil.

Mr. Cadbury made a very fair offer to Mr. Davenport which he coyly overlooked. I can add four to Mr. Cadbury's ten companies. If Mr. Davenport doesn't respond, I shall begin to think he has a "sore place."

Werrington House, G. E. TOULMIN
nr. Peterborough.

[Mr. Davenport replies: "In my first article I discussed the popular economic complaints and in my second put forward a constructive plan designed to meet them and to further the war production drive. One of these popular complaints is undoubtedly that employers 'are meeting *their* extra cost of living by receiving bigger tax-free expenses from their companies to the debit of E.P.T.' (I did not, as Mr. Toulmin suggests, put forward this item of complaint as the sole 'legal justification for increased charges against profits.') The generalisation which has touched my adversaries on their sore spots is the one 'he (the worker) has probably noticed that the directors' standard of living . . . has gone up and not down.' There are, of course, exceptions to every rule. But I ask the layman to consider one point. Who would not travel first-class if (*a*) it cost his company nothing, as a charge against E.P.T.; and (*b*) if the extra fare anyhow goes to the Government which has leased the railways? Who, indeed, except masochists who like to indulge themselves by sitting in a third-class carriage with an old school tie?"—ED. "*N.S. & N.*"]

THIS ENGLAND

SIR,—Once again you seem to have slipped up with "This England"—this time in the case of the winning entry. Evidently you cannot have seen the rest of the letter quoted from *Brighton and Hove Herald.* After praising the suggestion that Hanover Terrace should be renamed Australia Terrace, the letter also advocated, in view of our Japanese enemies, the changing of Oriental Place to Oriental (excluding Japanese) Place. I suggest that this last crack would have disqualified the entry.

84 Hyde Way, DEREK G. BARNARD
Hayes.

RAMSAY MUIR

SIR,—A movement is on foot to set up a memorial to the late Ramsay Muir, who died nearly a year ago from the strain of his labours in support of the national war effort. The Committee which is organising the memorial aims at raising a fund of from £1,000 to £1,500 to be placed on trust for the following purposes:

1. The publication of some of the writings which Muir left behind, possibly as part of a short memorial volume;
2. Provision for an annual memorial lecture, before some suitable body, on some subject in which he was specially interested;
3. The grant of small studentships at the Liberal Summer Schools, with which he was associated from their inception.

Ramsay Muir was eminent both as a historian and as a political writer and speaker; and there must be many who knew him or his books, and would wish to be associated with this tribute to his high qualities of heart and head. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to Mr. W. R. Davies, 22 Gayfere Street, London, S.W.1, and will be earmarked, if the donor wishes, to one or other of the above projects. Cheques should be drawn in favour of the Ramsay Muir Memorial Fund.

MESTON

Savage Landor
by
MALCOLM ELWIN

Malcolm Elwin has worked for many years on his biography of this most interesting and longest-lived of English poets, and much of the material contained in the book has hitherto unpublished. *Savage Landor* is likely to remain the standard authority on Landor's life. *Illustrated.* 18/-

MACMILLAN

Arthur Gwynn-Browne
F S P
War experiences of a laughing philosopher. 'Indescribable, unforgettable.' *Viola Garvin.*
6/- net

Humphrey Pakington
AUNT AUDA'S CHOIR
A novel. 9/- net

V. S. Pritchett
IN MY GOOD BOOKS
Literary essays. 7/6 net

CHATTO & WINDUS

A brilliant new novel of the lace trade by the author of Because I Must
PENNY LACE
by Hilda Lewis
Nottingham Guardian: "Rich in colour and sparkling with action." *Nottingham Journal:* "Remarkably vital and stimulating novel." *Daily Telegraph:* "The real attraction of Miss Lewis's story lies in the inner revelations of the lace trade, its peaks and depressions, and the mounting power of the workers."
From your bookseller or library, NOW. 10/6
JARROLDS—LONDON

Great Pre-publication Demand
ESCAPE FROM HOLLAND
by Liesje van Someren
An epic account of the escape from Holland of a mother, father and child during the terrors of the Nazi invasion. 5/- net

SYDNEY HORLER
The Man Who Stayed To Supper
The most lively comedy that ever confounded the pessimists. 7/6 net
HERBERT JENKINS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE of the books that ought to be written is an anatomy of the first person singular as it appears in the literature of the last thirty years. The study would begin with Joyce and Proust and pass on to the reporters and then to the innumerable personal narratives of the present war. In the end, War and the "I" would be the subject, but the most interesting point in the discussion is, I think, the break between the earlier period and the reporters. The "I" or self which had been dissolved by Joyce, Proust and the psychological novelists, suddenly hardened. Unable to achieve the kind of integration the psychologists urged upon it, the "I" took the easiest course: it posed as a man of unconsidered action. This is obvious in all the tough writers like Hemingway, and it is true of most of the younger generation. Lacking standards, they fell back upon an attitude.

The attitude was not altogether Byronic. The present war was coming nearer. The gangsters themselves were an exotic curtain-raiser. The process by which the "I" hardened is put honestly in a war book I have just read: *F.S.P., A Description of His First Six Months of War.* By Sergt. A. Gwynn-Browne. (Chatto and Windus, 6*s.*)

> "Why I joined up was like everybody else I had a confused feeling I wanted to do something and the easiest thing was to do it. Then too I did want to stop feeling civilised and to know what discomfort would do to you."

Reading this intelligent, amusing but often very maddening book, made me wonder where the "I" was going to, how much it was changing, how much more we were going to have of it, and in what way. It is true that the use of "I" is a literary convention, but the convention changes. One has only to glance at that curious narrative of the Peninsular War: *The Subaltern*, by G. R. Gleig (Everyman); or the excellent *Conscript of* 1813 (Everyman), by Erckmann-Chatrian, which is unjustly despised because we read it at school, to see how great the change has been in war narratives alone. After finishing *F.S.P.* (the initials mean Field Security Personnel) I thought I saw symptoms of transition in the shrill, effusive first person singular of twenty years ago, which in the last decade became laconic and tough. I thought I saw that "I" now trying to fit itself into a corporate framework, trying to become anonymous, trying to recover the sensibility it had lost, not by turning to isolation again but in merging with the herd. Trying, in short, to lose itself and become a "we."

Sergt. Gwynn-Browne was a non-combatant soldier. The *F.S.P.*, unpopularly and inaccurately known as the Gestapo, hated by the old-timers of the Military Police, is concerned with morale, sabotage, the fifth column; and so the author's war is the war behind the lines. The book could not be one of revelations, and the best way of describing it is to say it has a lot in common with a collection of Ardizzone's drawings; that is, it is original, personal, rather cynical (but not entirely), eccentric, written with the eyes cocked and the ears pricked. There is also a tentative moral undertone to the narrative, a moral sensibility. The greater part of Sergt. Gwynn-Browne's story is concerned with the collapse in France, the attempt to control the refugees, the flight to the coast and the days on the beach at Dunkirk; but whereas other writers who have described this remain on the outside of the facts, this author has set out to catch the sensation and the atmosphere of these events as they were born. This I take to be the justification of his use of a Steinish or Henry Green manner, with its maddening private, prattling knowingness. This manner is at its best in comedy and produces a good many of those subdued, coded jokes which are a speciality of contemporary humour, something off the rations which is slipped discreetly into the bag of the back-door customer. They are not new jokes. They are, in fact, the old ones which we used to get blatantly over the counter, say from Mr. Robert Graves, in heartier times. Here is the usual interview:

> "They said what games do you play. It was very amusing. I knew what I was going to say and now I knew what they were going to say. They said what games do you play and I said tennis. They said we mean cricket and football. I knew it for naturally it happens to everyone that there comes a time when they say we mean cricket and football."

The serious aim of this writing is to catch experience becoming part of the mind before the impression becomes part of our habits and we lose our power of criticism. Here is a shouting sergeant:

> "We had a man who shouted. He did not say anything he just shouted. I thought at first he had a defection in his speech and once as a child I had been in Hyde Park when a boy had come by in a pram deeply roaring. As a child they would not tell me what it was but I knew he was a mad one. I was fascinated and shocked. This man we had was just like him. In a way it was fascinating and shocking and in a way also it was embarrassing, it was not quite nice. We marched up a hill, that is we rushed ten yards he roared, we stopped. He roared, we rushed he roared we stopped. He roared we rushed he roared we stopped. He roared we rushed he roared we stopped we rushed he roared we sweated he roared we rushed we stopped. It was dreadful."

I like those five last sentences, but I could not bear to have written them. This kind of writing is an ersatz rhetoric and over-writing. It is made for small moments; in the narrative it points the phenomenal muddle and moral stink of the retreat with a flick of human incongruity:

> "Later on after it was all over I got into bed somewhere and someone came in after darkness and he said, did anyone here meet anyone in Section Thirty. Someone said, no, why. He said well all I can say is . . . by . . . Christ."

In straight narrative this kind of prose is uncertain. Sometimes it is very tedious, like a superfluous wit. But by becoming childish and abnormally, patiently, repetitively simple, the "I" is trying to discard its identity and to depend only on the feelings and sensations common to the mass of people. So Mr. Gwynn-Browne is good on types: the French gendarmerie, whose life-histories were a record of growing more important than someone else. And on general states of mind: the moments of rumour, the flight in civilians, the whisperings of panic on the beach at Dunkirk, the rising and waning of the sense of nationality and party in masses of people. The "I" is ceasing to assert, it is trying to recover not a private sensibility, but a common or public sensibility. I may have over-rated this side of *F.S.P.* If I have, the merit of the book lies in its occasional sketches. One at the end is in the best tradition of the Tolstoyan war narratives—say of *Sevastopol* and *The Tales of Army Life.* A brigadier sits on the beach with his head in his hands, while his chauffeur breaks up his car with a pick-axe.

One difference between the books of this war and the war books of the Twenties—if it is fair to make the comparison yet—is that the writers of to-day do not write as though the whole war was directed at them personally. They are able to fend it off. The writer of the last war was outraged by the machines—this was never really understood by the slightly younger generation—but since then we seem to have got used to fighting with machines, though they are more terrible. The first person singulars of the last war were too much alone. Their sense of values was destroyed. The cameraman-writer who sees only the facts that stare into his particular face has had no sense of values to lose. How profoundly unsatisfactory all these narrators are when we compare them to a man like Gleig, their predecessor who was with Wellington in Spain and a very passable writer. He knew exactly where he stood in relation to war and where war stood in society. Gleig belonged to the polite eighteenth-century tradition of war, which Napoleon had damaged by conscription, which was ceasing to be observed by the French, but which still had a strong hold. Soult, for example, was inclined not to respect "the sacred character which had been tacitly conferred upon piquets," and broke up the mixed evening parties which the men of both sides used to hold in the local cafés. The outposts exchanged brandy and tea, and one French officer who left his luggage in English hands wrote to the English commander politely asking him to be so kind as to return it:

> "There is something extremely agreeable in carrying on hostilities after this fashion," writes Gleig, who spent his spare time between assaults, shooting game in the Pyrenees—"yet the matter may be pushed too far."

It was not always as formal and punctilious as that. The slaughter at San Sebastian was appalling; the British soldiers ran amok in the town and killed officers who tried to stop them. The place was burned to the ground and no one bothered to bury the dead. Bodies were left to infect the river from which the soldiers drank, and the scenes of surgery were terrible. (In Tolstoy's *Sevastapol* the same surgical horrors seem strangely worse because of the progress of science, fatalism having given place to tortured hope). Gleig says little about his own feelings, but he does suggest in his way the feelings of the mass of soldiers. When the "I" is rightly adjusted to its social frame, this sense of common feeling, limited though it may be in Gleig's case by the classical attitude to war, is always there. It is what so many of the books of the last war missed. Jules Romain's *Verdun* was one exception.

We had in the past Tolstoy's intimate and soldierly hatred of war, and innumerable examples of Gleig's formality. We have our own reporters. A point of view that is chiefly lacking in modern narratives is the softie's or coward's eye view of war—that is to say, the normal view of men and certainly of most conscripts. Modern writers like Hemingway portray the fighter who is more afraid of his friends than of the enemy, i.e., he has to convince his *friends* that he is tough. And our non-tough writers, like the author of *F.S.P.*, seem less concerned with the enemy than with a secretive gossip about the comedies of their own side. It is refreshing to get back to the normal man who does not want to kill or be killed, who finds by experience that these wishes are surprisingly discarded in action, who has the essential inexperience of human beings. This is the man portrayed by Erckmann-Chatrian in *The Conscript.* His simplicity, his humility, his fright, his attempts to collect himself, his knowledge that his moral dislike of the whole business will not matter a straw one way or the other, but that it will be better for him if he does not lose his naive morality—all these are virtues in a first person singular. They accentuate the contrast between narrator and subject which must be the first law of this kind of narrative. He is the average man whose interests and habits are infinitely more important to him than his sensations and opinions. He is a first person singular who is interchangeable with the first person plural. After the literature of the last 30 years, that is an exciting change. Egoism has been extravagant, solemn, witty, and full of brilliant subterfuge; but it does need a rest.

V. S. PRITCHETT

UNCLE TOM AND MRS. BEECHER STOWE

Crusader in Crinoline. By FORREST WILSON. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Many were the strange achievements of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* It certainly helped to provoke, if it did not actually precipitate, the American Civil War. It revolutionised the development of modern commercial publishing. It was acclaimed by Tolstoy as one of the major products of the human intellect and sent the moribund Heine back to a study of the Scriptures. Perhaps most remarkable of all, it started a run on the Bible in the Parisian book-market; and *concierges* and *valets de chambre* of the Second Empire, as they fingered the unfamiliar volume to which the black-faced patriarch had attached such a mysterious significance, were heard to demand with native caution: " *C'est bien la Bible veritable de l'Oncle Tom?* " Yet Mrs. Beecher Stowe (according to a well-known anecdote) had expected of her book, at best, that, given a moderate degree of luck, it might enable her to purchase the new silk dress that for several years now, what with six growing children and an ill-paid incompetent professorial husband, she had not been able to afford. Or so she declared, and so her husband himself believed. But then Mrs. Stowe was not only an enthusiastic and pertinacious, but also a naturally modest, woman: and in Mr. Wilson's interesting biography (an honest and sober piece of work, notwithstanding its somewhat foolish title) the essential modesty of his sitter again and again emerges. As the heroine of two continents, entertained and flattered by every sort of person from the haughtiest English grandees to the fiery-eyed and foaming-mouthed prophets of Exeter Hall, the woman into whose hands English philanthropists poured out their largesse—two thousand sovereigns in solid gold at a time on a massive silver salver—to dispose of as she pleased, Mrs. Stowe may now and then have appeared ill-advised and self-complacent: but she escaped the *folie des grandeurs* that has afflicted many other successful novelists, and eschewed the worst type of personal extravagance that is apt to result from a tremendous commercial triumph. It is not, I think, that Mr. Wilson whitewashes his subject. He admits, for example, that there is a good deal of doubt—at any rate, there exists no written record—of the use Mrs. Stowe made of those glittering golden heaps, and that it is not impossible they melted gradually into her muddled bank account. But he shows from contemporary evidence—not all of it friendly—that, in spite of tumultuous acclamations, the duchesses who spoiled her, the great reformers and the great writers who bent their heads before her in manly admiration, in spite of the massed choirs of school-children, hysterical Exeter Hall meetings and vast throngs of ordinary citizens crowding the pavements determined to pay her homage, she kept her head with unusual cleverness and, " slim, sun-complexioned, active, intelligent, simply dressed, and perfectly self-possessed " (as she was described by a London journalist who had observed her at a brilliant party staged by the Duchess of Sutherland), remained very much the sensible matron and sympathetic wife and mother she had been in almost complete obscurity and dragging domestic poverty.

The main exception, of course, was her treatment of Lady Byron's confidences. But there the Princess of Parallelograms was largely herself to blame. In her fascinating study of that complex, self-righteous but self-tormenting character, Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne pointed out that Annabella Byron had a strong emotional leaning towards other women. Mrs. Stowe, who had been infatuated with the idea of Byron during her youth, experienced a " strange, mythological feeling " when she encountered the devout, distinguished, time-worn, silvery invalid who had once paid the penalty of wanting to reform a rake and marry a genius. And between them they reached the crucial moment, one afternoon at Lady Byron's house on Ham Common, when the poet's widow told the sainted authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the fascinating, painful story of her unhappy married life. She asked Mrs. Stowe for advice as to whether—and, if so, how and when—her secret should be imparted to Byron's public: she did *not* commission Mrs. Stowe to undertake the task. And it was Mrs. Stowe's own unfortunate inspiration (which came to her at the zenith of her career in a spasm of hybristic over-confidence, on seeing a copy of Teresa Guiccioli's dismally unimportant recollections) that she should publish a garbled and inaccurate report of Lady Byron's narrative. Her reasons were suspect: the time was ill-chosen: both England and America were deeply shocked and disgusted. The daily and weekly press burst out with a torrent of furious personal invective, and Mrs. Stowe's popularity suffered a setback from which it never quite recovered.

Mr. Wilson provides an exceedingly entertaining and, if not very well-written, uncommonly well-balanced account of Mrs. Stowe's personality and achievements. He shows her shrewdness, allied with a simplicity of outlook that verged on naivety, the religious fervour that, though it never degenerated into downright bigotry, enabled her to compose *Uncle Tom* in a sort of rapt, continuous, ecstatic daydream which left her (she afterwards confessed when her original conception had grown to three and four times the size she had at first projected) as shaken and exhausted as if she had endured a childbirth. Only less entertaining than the picture of Mrs. Stowe herself are the portraits of various subsidiary personages: her husband, good, kindly, helpful man, who combined clairvoyance and an intensive knowledge of Biblical texts with incurable sloth and a passionate addiction to the pleasures of the table; her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, " the greatest preacher," his contemporaries assured him, " . . . since St. Paul preached on Mars Hill," a handsome, seductive, gifted spell-binder whose undoing was the charm he exercised over female members of his congregation; her son Fred, neurotic and alcoholic, and many other men and women, more or less celebrated or notorious, of mid-nineteenth-century America. *Crusader in Crinoline* is a voluminous, thoughtful, carefully documented book: but the index might with advantage have been much more comprehensive. PETER QUENNELL

EMPIRE PAST AND FUTURE

A History of South Africa: Social and Economic. By C. W. DE KIEWIET. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

The Union's Burden of Poverty. By J. D. RHEINALLT JONES and R. F. ALFRED HOERNLÉ. *South African Institute of Race Relations.* 1*s.*

Plan for Africa. By RITA HINDEN. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The British Colonial Empire. By W. E. SIMNETT. *Allen & Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. de Kiewiet's book has been some time published. But it merits review even after delay, for this book will not date for long to come. Its author is an enviable historian. He has a magnificent subject, and one not traversed before; he has a sense of historic drama linked in an uncommon manner with a sense of justice. He has abundant knowledge and a lucid, grave style. In short, he reminds me of the recently popular Pedlar's Song, " Everything you want; I got." The social and economic history of South Africa has all the qualities of tragedy: space, conflict, impending and inescapable fate. The story shows the little station of the Dutch East India Company at Table Bay becoming first a colony, having no dealings outside its narrow limit, and then bursting its bounds and spreading inland; the Dutch burghers, used to their cramped, intensive tillage of the Low Countries, transmogrified into frontiersmen, so space-hungry that each measured his farm by walking a horse for half an hour from his homestead to the four cardinal points. " On the great farms each man fled the tyranny of his neighbour's smoke." Yet the desert shaped their movement north and east, to where they met the native peoples moving south.

The true history of South African colonisation describes the growth, not of a settlement of Euro-

MONICA DICKENS
her new book
ONE PAIR OF FEET
J. B. PRIESTLEY
(Book Society News)
" Is this as good a book as *One Pair of Hands*? The answer is that it is much better. The cheerful impudence is still there. The power of observation and the family eye for a comic character . . . touches of genuine and unforced pathos in this intimate chronicle of hospital life. . . . Lively topical reading."
BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMEND
MICHAEL JOSEPH

WE HOLD THE KEY TO VICTORY
Harry Pollitt
Morale for May Day
Ivor Montagu
Labour's Crisis and Opportunity
J. R. Campbell
The Problem of Labour Unity
P. G. Barstow, M.P.
India Threatened
Ben Bradley
Fifty Thousand Communists
D. F. Springhall
Victory and the German People
Wm. Gallacher, M.P.
Turkey and the U.S.S.R.
'Quaestor'
Jose Diaz
Pasionaria
MAY 6d.
Labour Monthly

THE THINKER'S LIBRARY
THE ORIGIN OF THE KISS
AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC DIVERSIONS
By Surg. Rear-Admiral
C. M. BEADNELL, C.B., F.Z.S.
Contents:
The Origin of the Kiss; Love, Laughter, and Humour; The Origin of Dancing; Sub-Human Warfare; Lies in Nature and War; Blast!; Aeroplanes and Submarines; Evolution of the Projectile; Special Creation and Evolution; Bricks and Mortar of the Universe; Vitalism and Metaphysics; Atavistic Mental Traits; Measuring the Emotions; Old Man River; Salt and Evolution; The Life-Story of the Eel; Jonah Swallowing Whales!; Superstitions, Past and Present; Lord Rutherford; The Use and Abuse of Words.
Cloth, 2s. net
WATTS & CO.,
5 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street,
London, E.C.4

VITAL BOOKS
WISE WEDLOCK. By Dr. G. Beale. 6/6
A necessary book for every adult, Dr. Norman Haire says: " I consider it to be one of the best, if not the best, of its kind available."
THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE. By Dr. G. Beale. 6/6
Deals in comprehensive manner with the whole subject. A necessary book for the married and those contemplating marriage.
THE TECHNIQUE OF SEX. By Anthony Havil, B.A. 5/6
This new illustrated book by a young medical man specialising in Gynaecology may be described as the complete manual. No other work at a similar price is as all-embracing. Every aspect of the subject is dealt with.
FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AFFAIRS AND MARRIAGE. By Rennie MacAndrew. 5/-
An explanation of men to women and women to men—to clarify ideas—to illustrate the difference of Friendship, Love and Marriage.
HIGH AND LOW BLOOD PRESSURE. By Jas. C. Thomson. 4/-
The how and why of low and high blood pressure and the simple naturopathic home treatment for this prevalent condition is fully explained in this new book.
MEMORY EFFICIENCY and How to Obtain It. By J. L. Orton. 4/6
The need of an efficient Memory is very real—the value immeasurable. This book tells How to Train your Memory—How to Memorise Languages, Speeches, Music, etc., etc.
THE CURE OF STAMMERING, STUTTERING and other Functional Speech Disorders. By J. Louis Orton. 3/4
The simple non-operative means which have cured thousands are clearly set out in this successful book.
BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By H. Benjamin. 4/6
The Author cured himself of rapidly approaching blindness and has embodied his successful methods in his book for the benefit of all sufferers.
Mentioned by the " Brains Trust " in a recent broadcast.
HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR. By J. C. Thomson. 1/3
Giving details of Home treatment for Hair and Scalp disorders, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Falling Hair, etc., etc.
Complete Catalogue FREE on request.
Prices include postage. Obtainable through your bookseller or direct from
THORSON'S, *Publishers,*
Dept. 169, 91 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2

peans, but of a totally new and unique society of different races and colours and cultural attainments, fashioned by conflicts of racial heredity and the opposition of unequal social groups.

Professor de Kiewiet himself, one supposes a Dutch South African, writes from the detached calm of an American university, which may help his assessment of his country's problems. It is interesting that he regards the British share in South African development as superimposed and relatively unimportant; the real crux is the contact between Dutch and native Africans. As he points out, the early liberal policy of the days of emancipation, the late liberal policy of the Peace of Vereeniging, have flaked away like plaster; the beam of the Boer ascendancy, the daub of the native proletariat, are now revealed again. The chapters "Poor Whites and Poor Blacks," and "Civilised Labour" show the development of the policy of industrial stratification and social segregation—a policy which the author condemns as based upon "a myth, a fancy." He offers no solution for a problem still unsolved. But his book should be in every school library in South Africa, for it presents the task that the next generation of Africans must shoulder.

Senator Rheinallt Jones and Professor Hoernlé offer concrete proposals to improve native conditions in South Africa. These include a constructive land development policy, including more land for African cultivation, and improvement of the reserves; since Union £120,000,000 has been spent on White agriculture by the government, £5,000,000 in African. Mr. Rheinallt Jones believes however that Africans will increasingly be urbanised, and proposes a policy for raising their standards, by raising wages, abolishing the "obsolete tradition" of the colour-bar and the master and servant laws, recognising native trades-unionism, and greatly extending social services like housing and insurance. This excellent memorandum is addressed to South Africans, and based upon the fact that the natives constitute a needless "burden of poverty." But its motive is the recognition of the human rights of the African peoples, which are so fairly stated in Professor de Kiewiet's history. That this point of view on native affairs, partly moral, partly scientific, should be gaining ground is the most hopeful thing in South African politics to-day, for the younger generation, even of the Backveldters, must hear of it.

Yet, as so often in history, a bad old policy continues to be active and spreads like an epidemic, for long before it can be overtaken by the good policy invented to reform its effects. The oil-stain of the colour-bar is still spreading, even in war-time, north from South Africa, as the South Rhodesia land-laws prove. Dr. Hinden's *Plan for Africa* is well timed in showing this. She chooses Northern Rhodesia and the Gold Coast as examples of British administration. She has found in the records of Northern Rhodesia sublime examples of the settler's point of view, as when, in 1930, the elected members of the Legislative Council wrote to Lord Passfield:

> British colonists hold that the British Empire is primarily concerned with the furtherance of the interests of British subjects of British race, and only thereafter with other British subjects, protected races, and the nationals of other countries, in that order.

But it is the copper-mines which provide the most telling evidence. The mining profits in 1937 were £5,000,000; £3,000,000 went outside the country in dividends; £300,000 in royalties to the British South African Company under the old concession to Rhodes. European mining wages average £500 a year, native wages £12 a year. In the circumstances the copper-belt strikes were scarcely remarkable. The book shows that of the mineral wealth of a British colony, half goes to enrich shareholders in Britain, and its government in taxation, a large share to a few thousand Europeans employed in Northern Rhodesia, 5 per cent. to the government of the country, 2.5 per cent. to its people in wages, earned in mines enforcing the colour-bar. It is strange enough that such conditions should exist; stranger still that the amalgamation of Northern Rhodesia with Southern Rhodesia should be under serious consideration, for Southern Rhodesia in smeared all over with the South African oil-stain. By contrast, the Gold Coast, with safeguards for native land-tenure (except in mining areas) and a main crop, cocoa, grown by Africans for their own profit, might seem a paradise. But Dr. Hinden points here to the indebtedness of African farmers, and to the strangle-hold of the cocoa-buying ring. She makes too little, I think, of the drama of the 1937 cocoa farmers' hold-up, for in it Africans for the first time showed a capacity to act together against a powerful European combine. Her plan for Africa includes co-operative production, governmental expenditure on improved farming, public ownership of mines and development of industry, and an economy directed primarily at raising the living standards of the native peoples themselves, leaving production for export as a means for obtaining luxuries from abroad. In her view this policy, by creating new African markets for European industry, would enormously enrich both imperial and colonial countries. These practical suggestions are among those which are now advocated by the widespread and increasing body of people interested in colonial problems, to whom Dr. Hinden's book offers a valuable service.

The word for Mr. Simnet's *British Colonial Empire* is smug. I know not how to describe its atmosphere better than to say it has for frontispiece a photograph of the Secretary of State's desk at the Colonial Office, backed by a leather-padded, empty, chair. It reads like a nineteenth century geography book, with lists of natural features and towns, exports and imports, and constitutions—with a certain amount of blurb in addition.

> Nigeria is a great country; it has been fortunate in the quality of its governors and the high level of its administration; its natural resources are considerable and there should be a great future before it.

I must say that I prefer the chaste aridity of *Whittaker*.

The author does recognise the existence of colonial problems, and even has a sensible chapter upon them and upon the future. But whenever he touches on the actualities of to-day he falls into a sort of ague of evasion. It would be hard to say whether Arabs or Jews would be more critical of an account of Palestinian history, which is so well-meaning as to reach a high degree of inaccuracy: and what of this as an estimate of the rôle of European settlers in the tropics?

> That for some time to come they have a great part to play in leadership and guidance to those races is indisputable and co-operation between them on this basis is all to the good, but when, with that aid, the coloured peoples have attained political maturity, a serious problem will have to be faced.

At least four questions are begged in that sentence. The book is full of information, and it is a great pity that it should have been written as it is; for it will, I fear, be reckoned as propaganda, and may have an effect other than that intended by the author.

FREDA WHITE

Since supplies are restricted, a little Parke-Davis shaving cream has to go a long way…

WHAT A GOOD THING IT IS
THAT A LITTLE PARKE-DAVIS
DOES GO A LONG WAY!

PARKE-DAVIS
Shaving Cream

Good things
are scarce
in wartime and
supplies of

HŌVIS

are restricted
so please be
patient if you
are unable to get
it as regularly
as before.

Best Bakers Bake It. Macclesfield.

'FLU DISPELLED!
Business Man
SAVED from Lying Up

R. C. HERRICK, of Woodville Road, Granville, Australia, writes:—"During the winter **I had a severe attack of 'flu accompanied by a very bad throat. I tried several other remedies without** getting any relief at all. **Seeing your advertisement advising 'ASPRO'** as a gargle for sore throats, **I tried it and found immediate relief,** resulting in a complete freedom from this ailment. As I am a business man, with a business that requires my personal supervision, **you will appreciate my gratitude to 'ASPRO' for the time and money I have saved** by using your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets."

'ASPRO'
Serves the Nation by Serving the PEOPLE!
Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED
Slough, Bucks.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK 3½, 6½, 1/3½, 2/6½
Purchase Tax Included
OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

"This King of Tobaccos is serving in Libya"

from a Mechanised Cavalryman

JOHN SINCLAIR
Barneys

Barneys (*medium*), **Punchbowle** (*full*),
Parsons Pleasure (*mild*).

CONSCIOUS SELF-CONTROL

The Universal Constant in Living. By F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER. *Chaterson.* 15s.

Better Eyes Without Glasses. By BENGAMIN GAYELORD HAUSER. *Faber & Faber.* 6s.

Current physiology teaches us that our skeletal muscles are under the control of our conscious will, whereas our visceral muscles cannot be brought into action by conscious mental effort; though many of them are, in varying degree, responsive to emotional states. In anatomical terms, the movement of skeletal muscles are governed by events in the cortex of our cerebrum, whereas visceral activities are under the control of a more primitive part of the brain, known as the thalamus. A few skeletal muscles are obedient to both forms of government, the cortical and the thalamic; but the conscious will can check only those bodily functions which are normally under voluntary control. Thus, "we may laugh spontaneously because of a ludicrous situation (thalamic laughter), or we may laugh as a voluntary act (cortical laughter)." On the other hand, we cannot increase or lessen the frequency of the heart beat, increase or lessen the activities of digestion, dilate or contract the walls of our arterioles, by any effort of conscious will, responsive though all these phenomena are to involuntary emotional changes.

Very different from that of the recognised exponents of "conventional" physiology is the attitude of Mr. Alexander. Even for the most distinguished physiologists, including many who have been amongst the biggest contributors to our knowledge of how the body works and how it is controlled, he seems to have no use. The fact that, in 1937, nineteen medical men put their names to a letter in the *B.M.J.*, commenting on a review of another of Mr. Alexander's books, which appeared in the *Journal* in 1924, is treated by the author as sufficient proof that the medical profession is behind him and his doctrine. To this letter he refers again and again. Mr. Alexander tells us that:

> the first medical man who gave me valuable support advised me to study anatomy and physiology as an aid to the experiments I was then engaged in. He interested two of his friends in my ideas and actually persuaded them that it would be worth their while to give me lessons. One was a professor of anatomy, the other of physiology. A meeting was arranged and I received a kindly welcome from the two scientists, but it came as rather a shock to me to observe how badly they were using themselves.

Needless to say, the help of these two collaborators was declined.

One result of this attitude of mystery is that the would-be sympathetic critic of Mr. Alexander's doctrine and technique is held up by the difficulty of learning from his books what that doctrine and technique really are, and on what psycho-physiological facts they are based. I feel great sympathy with certain friends of the author (referred to in another of his books) who have said to him, "with quite a friendly knowing look, 'You know, that book of yours is quite a clever piece of work.' When I ask them for their reason, the same answer is always forthcoming: 'Because you give us enough to make us interested in your theory and just lead us to the point where we realise we must go to you for lessons.'"

After reading and re-reading *The Universal Constant in Living*, together with Mr. Alexander's two most important previous books, *The Use of the Self* and *Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual*, I can but come to the conclusion that what is true and sound in his "revolutionary" doctrine is old and almost universally accepted, and that the only thing new is an exaggerated belief in the influence of posture, especially in the carriage of the head on the vertebral column, on health and the general bodily functioning, physiological and pathological. If the latter is really the author's principal innovation, why does he not say so clearly? Or is it that Mr. Alexander has shown it to be possible for man, by conscious, detailed willing, to control many of those physiological reactions of his endocrine and autonomic nervous activities hitherto thought to be outside the range of his conscious and deliberate regulation? If so, at what level? In any case, why not explain in terms that mean something to the reasonably intelligent reader?

I cannot help feeling that there must be more in Mr. Alexander and his "teaching" than I, personally, have been able to discover. For among his admirers and followers are three men of great distinction in their several spheres—Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Aldous Huxley, and Professor John Dewey. The last-named has written introductions to two of Mr. Alexander's books; and, perhaps, the fairest thing I can do is to quote a passage from one of these introductory chapters.

> The school of Pavloff has made current the idea of conditioned reflexes. Mr. Alexander's work extends and corrects the idea. It proves that there are certain basic, central organic habits and attitudes which condition every act we perform, every use we make of ourselves. This discovery corrects the ordinary conception of the conditioned reflex. The latter as usually understood renders an individual a passive puppet to be played upon by external manipulations. The discovery of a central control which conditions all other reactions brings the conditioning factor under conscious direction and enables the individual through his own co-ordinated activities to take possession of his own potentialities. It converts the fact of conditioned reflexes from a principle of external enslavement into a means of vital freedom.

Better Eyes Without Glasses gives a popular account of Dr. Bates' method of treating errors of refraction and other causes of defective eyesight by exercises of the eye muscles, together with diets containing vitamins B2 and A. That certain errors of refraction can be materially benefited by suitable exercises is certain; but it should not be forgotten that when the difficulty of adaptation is too great for the eye muscles to overcome it, they soon give up the attempt. The reader will be unwise to go to Mr. Hauser—or, if it comes to that, to Dr. Bates—for his science; but the practical hints in this book are mostly sound. Mr. Hauser's advice should, however, be followed only by the knowledgeable and discriminating. The last chapter of *Better Eyes Without Glasses*, in which is explained how all human diseases, from diabetes to Parkinson's Disease, can be diagnosed by observing the iris of the patient's eye, is worthy of the blackest of the Dark Ages. The publishers tell us that Mr. Hauser, who is dietetic adviser to the film stars of Hollywood, is the author of *Eat and Grow Beautiful*, in which he "takes, one by one, the elements of beauty in women: skin, hair, teeth, eyes, fingernails, and so on, and prescribes in each case the diet that is most beneficial."

HARRY ROBERTS

PRUSSIANISM: A POLITICAL RELIGION

The Prussian Spirit. A Survey of German Literature and Politics. 1914-1940. By S. D. STIRK. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.

The recent controversies about the essentials of the German national character have shown a remarkable lack of historical and sociological foundation. Empty generalisations which attempt to put the crux of the problem in one daring formula—whether illustrated from Tacitus to Hitler or from Herder to Hitler—hardly deserve serious attention. A quite different approach to explain the contemporary German spirit has now been made by Mr. S. D. Stirk in his book.

Mr. Stirk has very wisely limited his plan of research. He has analysed with exemplary patience and understanding the influence of Prussianism from 1914 to the outbreak of the second world-war; and even in this limited field he does not claim to exhaust his fascinating subject. With Moeller van den Bruck and Oswald Spengler, the two leading German conservative publicists, he sets out to define what Prussianism really means:

> He (Moeller) declared that it was impossible to think of Germany without Prussia and Prussianism. There were certain specifically Prussian values and virtues, such as seriousness, will-power, readiness for sacrifice, which were indestructible and which for a long time had been entering more and more into the lives of the other German "tribes." The Great War hastened this unifying process, and made Germans recognise that they were all somehow or other Prussian. The outcome of the war, Moeller declared, had taken the sting and the meaning out of the hitherto widespread and rooted opposition to Prussia.

Mr. Stirk analyses the process of how Prussianism became a "myth" in the sense which Georges Sorel has given to the term. (Sorel's idea of the myth was that social beliefs may become political forces even if they are untrue.) He shows how Prussianism prepares the ground for the Nazi movement. There is, amongst others, Walter Flex, whose books were sold in hundreds of thousands of copies, and there is Ernst Juenger, whose writings appealed more to the minds of the younger German staff officers. (I regret that Mr. Stirk does not mention Juenger's most important book, *Der Arbeiter*, which is hardly known in this country.) They have helped to build up the Prussian myth. A brilliant chapter is devoted to the exposition of the legend of Frederick the Great, which in spite of Werner Hegemann's attempt to destroy it, was fostered under the very nose of the Weimar Republic.

When the Nazis came to power they readily exploited Prussianism. It was Göring who in 1934, in an address to the Prussian State Council, declared:

> It is clearly apparent that the old Prussian concept of the State has already merged into the Reich, that is to say, that Prussia no longer has any tasks to perform as a sovereign State as formerly. But the eternal ethics of Prussianism remain . . . Prussia is known as a country that has produced fewer artists; but it has given the German Reich the statesmen who were necessary in order to create the conditions that to-day at last enable an Adolf Hitler to satisfy the longing of the German people. . . . I know of no more genuine Prussian than the Fuehrer.

From this it is obvious that Prussianism does not confine itself to the frontiers of the Prussian provinces. Prussianism has become, as Mr. Stirk profoundly realises, a "political religion." There is a fascinating chapter in which Mr. Stirk discusses "the Prussian spirit in opposition" to the Nazi system. It deals with the disillusioned Oswald Spengler, with a frank and very unsentimental examination of Pastor Niemöller's career, which for the time being has led the former U-boat commander into the concentration camp. A moving analysis of Ernst Wiechert's writings is included.

In a last chapter Mr. Stirk sums up his findings and makes some pertinent suggestions for our propaganda to Germany. Some of them may be of value to those responsible for our broadcasts to Germany. Mr. Stirk writes:

> Our propaganda must make the most use of what might be called the Prussian dilemma: the struggle between their spirit of sacrifice, their sense of duty, their traditions of obedience to the State and authority, and the ever present and gnawing thought that the Nazi leaders and the whole Nazi regime and philosophy are unworthy of their support, because they are destructive of order, efficiency, real community life, culture and religion, and ultimately of Germany itself. At the same time it should be made clear to the Prussians—and indeed to all Germans—that Germany will not be split up after the war, nor will East Prussia be wrested from her. The Prussians let Hitler and the Nazis in; but in a spirit of restrained optimism and hope one may surely look forward to the time when they will help to throw them out.

The British public must be grateful to Mr. Stirk for writing so balanced and mature a work, based on a profound knowledge of Germany.

GEORG TROELTSCH

The Scene is Changed. By ASHLEY DUKES. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

"I resigned my post as university lecturer in science." The resignation is not surprising, but the fact that Ashley Dukes, playwright of *The Man With a Load of Mischief*, creator of the Mercury Theatre, ever held such a post delightfully startles the reader. Curiosity hovers, unsatisfied, however, by any clue as to what principle or persuasion embarked him on such a career, for the book is "concerned with the truth of art" rather than with the "truth" of life. There are only incidental insights into the author's character and dislikes and few anecdotes of his distinguished acquaintances. The theatre and its technique, rather than its inhabitants or even his own plays, are Mr. Dukes' passion. We move familiarly through Europe, from Munich in 1907 to London, Paris, Berlin, Dublin, Athens and travel in America as well. This hawk's-eye view of the cosmopolitan theatrical scene gives a record of considerable value. There is an account of the Convegno Volta in 1934, when theatre men from all over Europe, including the U.S.S.R., were invited to Rome to talk shop: it is ironical that there were only two plays then on in Rome, the more important of which "could have been given in the year 1900." The book is precisely and thoughtfully written. We look forward hopefully to the future London scene, which would be changed indeed for the worse unless it included further seasons of poetic drama at the new Mercury.

Week-end Competitions

No. 639

Set by George Rylands

Shakespeare in such passages as Enobarbus's description of Cleopatra meeting Antony at Cydnus followed North's Plutarch almost word for word, translating Elizabethan prose into Shakespearean blank verse. The usual prizes are offered for translations into dramatic or narrative blank verse of a passage of "ornamental prose" (e.g. Browne, de Quincey, Pater). Limit 16 lines.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, May 11th.
2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 636

Set by Raymond Mortimer

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for the best versions of the following poem:

Icare est chu ici, le jeune audacieux,
Qui pour voler au ciel eut assex de courage:
Ici tomba son corps dégarni de plumage,
Laissant tous braves coeurs de sa chute envieux.
O bienheureux travail d'un esprit glorieux,
Qui tire un si grand gain d'un si petit dommage!
O bienheureux malheur plein de tant d'avantage,
Qu'il rende le vaincu des ans victorieux!
Un chemin si nouveau n'étonna sa jeunesse;
Le pouvoir lui faillit, mais non la hardiesse:
Il eut pour le brûler des astres le plus beau;
Il mourut poursuivant une haute aventure;
Le ciel fut son désir, la mer sa sépulture:
Est-il plus beau dessein ou plus riche tombeau?

Report by Raymond Mortimer

I modernised the spelling of this sonnet by Philippe Destouches (1546-1606) so as not to discourage the use of distinctively modern diction. I am rather surprised that so few entrants frankly adapted the poem to our time. C. J. G. sent a Housmanly poem of this sort, good but altogether too remote from the original; and Waterman sent a sardonic poem beginning "Icarus has cold feet, the yellow adventurer," and based on a series of Joycean distortions. Two competitors pointed out that Mr. Maurice Baring has published in *Have You Anything To Declare?* an excellent version—a fact I had forgotten. I have never found a competition more difficult to judge: of some hundred and fifty entries most were good, and none superlative. I did not require the version to be in sonnet form, but *ceteris paribus*, I think this is preferable. R. Gathorne-Hardy and A.H.A. sent good versions in couplets, and Leslie Johnson tried Miltonic blank verse. Gilderoy used broad Scots. Among the best entries were those of M. Chisholm, Dotard, K. Bloomfield, C. Chose, W. Sterne, A. J. Bull, M. Hawkins, P. Green, Signalman Leakey, M. Snow, L. V. Upward, B. E. G. Cox and E. Stanway. (I wish I had room to comment on these and mention many other good attempts.) Eight entries left me hesitating between them, and therefore looking censoriously for faults. William Bliss put the Sun-God alongside the Holy Grail; Willy Tadpole (like many entrants) talked of stars where the legend required the sun; Sir Robert Witt had a weak 4th line, Towanbucket failed in the 8th and 9th. For second prize I hesitated between Little Billee, R. S. Jaffray, Ronald Mason and Jan Britton, who invented a new form, a sestet between two quatrains. Finally I plumped for dividing the second prize between R. S. Jaffray and Jan Britton. The first prize goes to F.C.C. and F.M.C.: the 11th line is weak, I think, but I hope the other competitors will agree with me that this version outsoars theirs, and at least equals that by Mr. Baring.

FIRST PRIZE

Here Icarus, the young, in venturing all
Plunged to his death, who to the skies had flown;
His fair displumèd body fell alone,
Whom all brave hearts must envy in his fall.

Blest labour of a spirit born to climb!
For such advantage what a happy pain!
Misfortune fortunate in greater gain,
That makes the vanquished victor over Time.

A path so new his youth did not astound;
The Sun himself for funeral pyre he found;
Strength fled, but courage stayed with him unended;

Soaring on high emprise his life he gave;
The sky was his desire, the sea his grave:
What goal more fair, what sepulchre more splendid?

F.C.C. & F.M.C.

SECOND PRIZE

I

Here down fell Icarus, gallant juvenal,
Who to fly heavenward could dare all things:
Here dropped his body stripped of those poor wings,
Leaving all brave hearts envious of his fall.
O happy effort of a soul so great
Which draws so grand a boon from such small pain,
O happy mishap filled with so much gain,
Rend'ring triumphant whom the years defeat!
So new a passage shocked not his young blood,
Force it was failed him, but not hardihood:
He took of stars, to fire him, the most brave;
He perished following a noble quest,
The sky his goal, the sea his final rest:
Is there a finer plan, a richer grave?

R. S. JAFFRAY

II

Here Icarus fell, the young, the brave,
His courage bade him rove the sky,
Deprived of wings he fell, to die,
And heroes envy him his grave.

Thrice happy feat of soul sublime,
How great the gain from little loss!
Thrice happy crown for such small cross—
The vanquished victor over time!
New danger found him unafraid,
Strength failed—while heart was undismayed.

He perished, his adventure great,
The sun the author of his doom,
The sky his aim, the sea his tomb,
Is goal, or grave, the richer fate?

JAN BRITTON

Company Meeting
BRITISH TYRE & RUBBER COMPANY

THE Annual General Meeting of the British Tyre and Rubber Company, Limited, was held on April 23rd in London.

A statement by the Chairman (Sir Walrond Sinclair, K.B.E.), extracts from which follow, had been circulated with the report and accounts for the year ended September 30th, 1941, and was taken as read.

The net profit for the year (subject to taxation) amounts to £337,460, to which must be added £72,915 brought forward. It is necessary to set aside £200,000 for taxation, and prudent to allocate a further £25,000 to contingencies reserve.

The conservative financial policy consistently adopted in the past has proved to be fully justified. We have this year stepped up to £25,000 the writing off of goodwill, trade marks, brands, etc., thus accomplishing one of our main objects in eliminating from the balance-sheet this intangible but most valuable asset. £25,000 has been added to the general reserve.

The Cumulative 7½% Preference dividend has been paid, and an interim dividend of 3½% (less tax) was paid last July on the Ordinary shares.

Your directors decided last February to pay a further interim dividend of 4½ per cent., together with a cash bonus of 3 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. As it is not proposed to recommend any further distribution for the year, the amount to be carried forward is £74,211.

Throughout the period under review the greatest possible activity has been maintained.

The introduction of Government restrictions in the consumption of crude rubber became fully effective throughout the manufacturing industry last February.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

The Family Physician

The Pick-me-up for you

By its power to release fresh mental and physical energy Phensic dispels brain-fag and revives that inner willingness to work upon which so much depends.

Phensic expels from the body by way of the kidneys the poisons or toxins of weariness, irritability, dullness, brain-fag which are constantly assembling in your bloodstream.

As a result of this the nervous system is soothed and a fine stimulus follows. You are fresh and the day is young again. Phensic is the quickest and safest. Get some from a chemist. 3½d., 1/4 and 3/3 (*Including Purchase Tax*).

B.Sc. ECON.

Men and women who wish to prepare for post-war opportunities should obtain the London University B.Sc. Econ. degree. It is not only a valuable qualification for teaching or administrative posts under Education authorities, but also for statistical research and welfare work in commerce and industry. The degree is open to all. You may prepare for it at home under the experienced guidance of Wolsey Hall, and tuition fees may be spread over the period of the Course. 324 Wolsey Hall students passed London B.Sc. Econ. (External) exams., 1925–41. Prospectus, price 3d., from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. VH17,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

TOWARDS THE FUTURE

Train now for a post-war career and for a present hobby. You cannot afford to let your mind rust. Develop your literary tastes by studying in spare time under the Half Fees scheme of the London School of Journalism—the only one under the patronage of the leading newspaper proprietors.

Articles, Stories or Poetry for a hobby; Staff Journalism as a career. Personal coaching, by correspondence; no curtailment or time limit. Free advice and book "Writing for the Press" from Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57, Gordon Square, W.C.1. Mus. 4574.

SARTORIAL FRUSTRATION

ONLY 3 pockets to trousers! Who cares, so long as one of them contains the wherewithal to purchase a King Six 10½d. Cigar.

Health tip!

COOLTIPT

the cigarette* with the natural filter—cotton wool—which absorbs all the dust as well as the heat and nicotine.

ABDULLA COOLTIPT 20 for 2/-

* For 'Virginia' Smokers